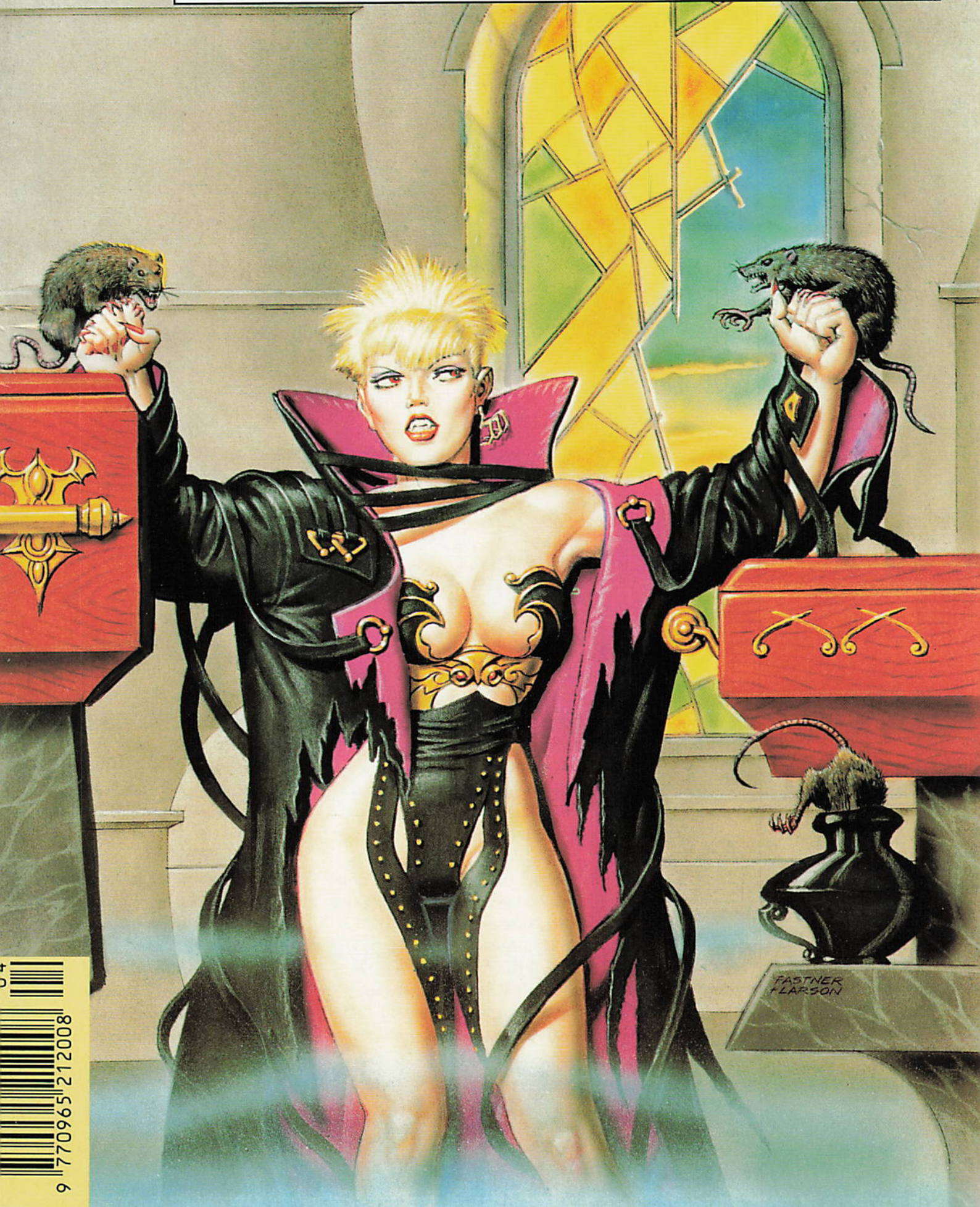


FLEETWAY/QUALITY
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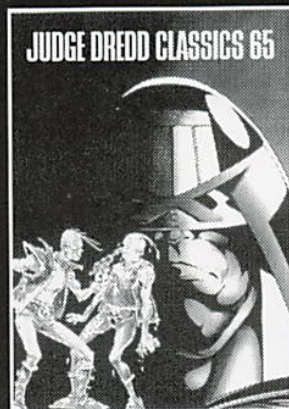
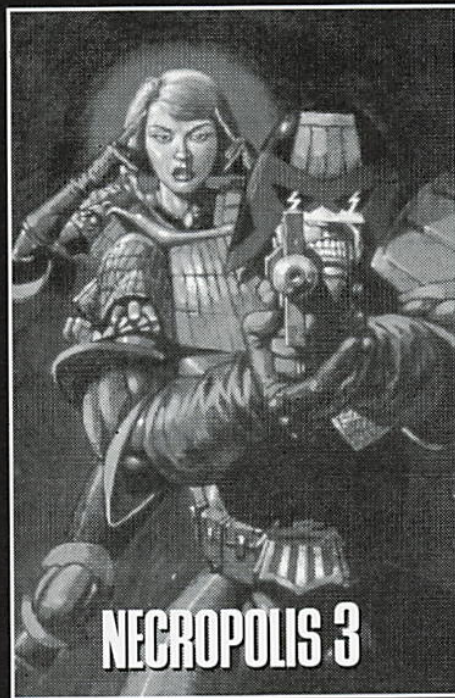
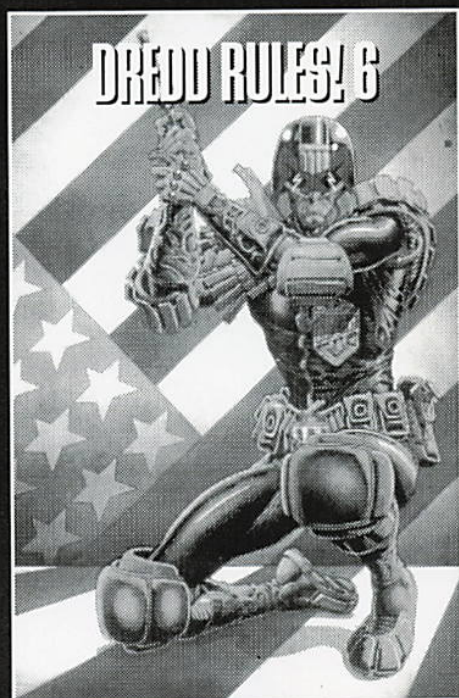
666

THE MARK OF THE BEAST



9 770965 212008

ON SALE THIS MONTH FROM FLEETWAY/QUALITY



666: THE MARK OF THE BEAST 1

A new FQ title that blends science fiction with horror to create a whole new level of tension-filled, anxiety-ridden, sweat-stained terror! **ARRRGHHH!** Featuring "The Dead" and "The Mind of Wolfie Smith". Cover painting by Fastner/Larson. 32 pages in full color. \$1.95 U.S. - 95p U.K. - \$2.50 Canada.

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Wrecks, Thugs, and Rock & Roll are the topics of this issue, as Dredd visits a music club where the patrons are out of control! 32 pages in fully painted color. \$2.95 U.S. - £1.75 U.K. - \$3.50 Canada.

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A wise-cracking crewmember holds the key to survival on "The Ice Planet". Also - what are 17th Century Pilgrims doing in outer space?! Dare wants to know! 32 pages in full color. \$1.95 U.S. - 95p U.K. - \$2.50 Canada.

☐ CYBERCRUSH: ROBOTS IN REVOLT 7

Charlie the giant robot has saved his city from destruction! What's his reward? Anybody know what scrap metal is selling for these days? 32 pages in full color. \$1.95 U.S. - 95p U.K. - \$2.50 Canada.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS, THOUGH CONSCIOUS OF NOTHING. HE WAS, BUT DID NOT KNOW WHO OR WHAT HE WAS.



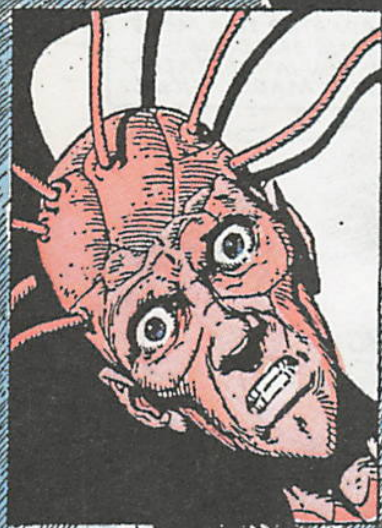
HE HAD EYES, SO HE OPENED THEM. THE SILENCE CLUNG LIKE SWEAT.



HIS BLOOD TURNED TO STEAM, HIS SKIN WITHERED AROUND A SKELETON OF DUST. BUT THERE WAS NO PAIN, ONLY SILENCE.



HE THOUGHT: 'MY NAME IS FLUDD.' A GOOD NAME, BUT THERE MUST BE MORE. HE SEARCHED THE SILENCE. THE SILENCE, THOUGH, WAS INSIDE HIM. WAS THE VACUUM LEFT BY HIS MEMORIES—



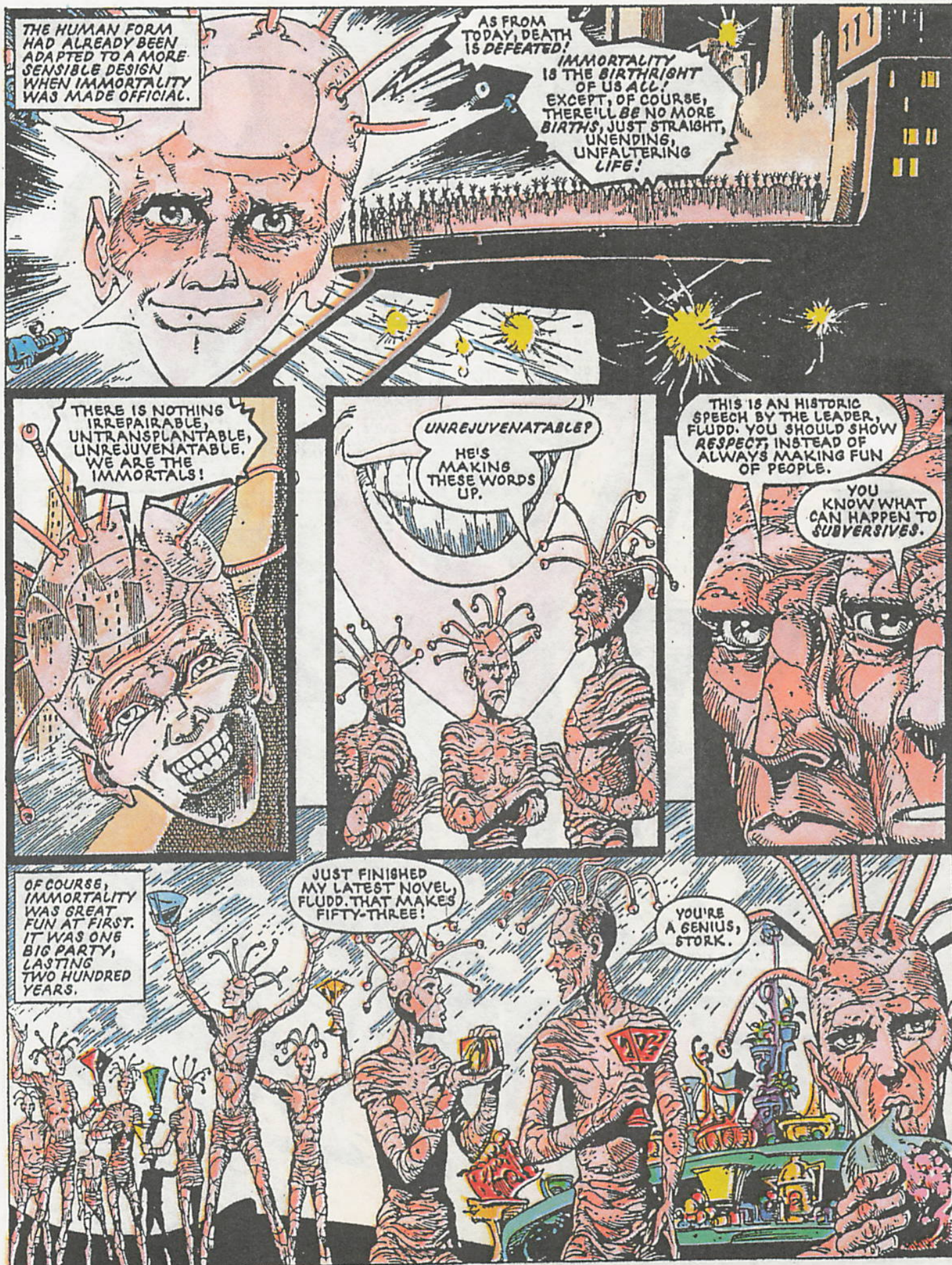
— WHICH NOW RETURNED, SLOWLY, DROP BY DROP. HE WAS FLUDD. YES. HE WAS A MAN. YES. HE LIVED ON A PLANET CALLED EARTH. YES.

HE WAS TWO AND A HALF THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

... AND SO WAS EVERYONE ELSE.

The DEAD

Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PAULLIAN
ART ROBOT
M. BELAARINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
J. POTTER
COMPU-73E



THE HUMAN FORM
HAD ALREADY BEEN
ADAPTED TO A MORE
SENSIBLE DESIGN
WHEN IMMORTALITY
WAS MADE OFFICIAL.

AS FROM
TODAY, DEATH
IS DEFEATED!

IMMORTALITY
IS THE BIRTHRIGHT
OF US ALL!
EXCEPT, OF COURSE,
THERE'LL BE NO MORE
BIRTHS, JUST STRAIGHT,
UNENDING,
UNFALTERING
LIFE!

THERE IS NOTHING
IRREPAIRABLE,
UNTRANSPLANTABLE,
UNREJUVENATABLE.
WE ARE THE
IMMORTALS!

UNREJUVENATABLE?

HE'S
MAKING
THESE WORDS
UP.

THIS IS AN HISTORIC
SPEECH BY THE LEADER,
FLUDD. YOU SHOULD SHOW
RESPECT, INSTEAD OF
ALWAYS MAKING FUN
OF PEOPLE.

YOU
KNOW WHAT
CAN HAPPEN TO
SUBVERSIVES.

OF COURSE,
IMMORTALITY
WAS GREAT
FUN AT FIRST.
IT WAS ONE
BIG PARTY,
LASTING
TWO HUNDRED
YEARS.

JUST FINISHED
MY LATEST NOVEL,
FLUDD. THAT MAKES
FIFTY-THREE!

YOU'RE
A GENIUS,
STORK.

WE'RE ALL
GENIUSES, FLUDD.
ALL IT TAKES IS
TIME. AND WE'VE
ALL GOT ALL THE
TIME THERE IS.

EVERY FIFTY YEARS YOU VISITED
A REJUVENATION CLINIC.

CELLULAR DETERIORATION ARRESTED.
PRESERVATIVE CHEMICALS PUMPED
INTO BONE, GRISTLE, RUBBER, AND
FLESH, PICKLING YOU INTO ETERNITY.

ALL THIS AND MORE, TO STOP THE
BIOLOGICAL CLOCK FROM TICKING.

EVERYTHING AN IMMORTAL
COULD WANT OR NEED.

SKIN-HARDENING BALMS, GIVING
GREATER PROTECTION FROM THE
ELEMENTS. SYNTHETIC FLEXIBLE
ARMBONE REPLACEMENTS OVERHAULED.

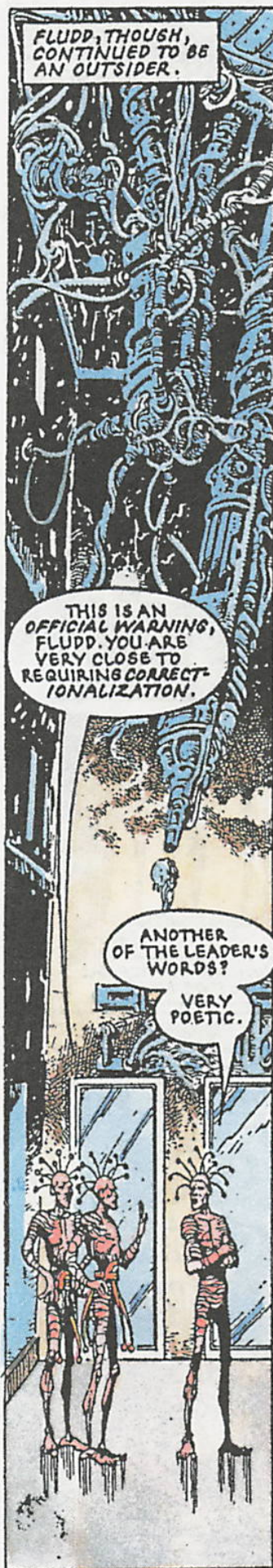
DEATH WAS NO MORE THAN
AN IRRITATING ILLNESS.

HOW'S SUE?

DEAD.

BAD?

NO. SHOULD
BE UP AND ABOUT
IN A FEW DAYS.



FLUDD, THOUGH, CONTINUED TO BE AN OUTSIDER.

THIS IS AN OFFICIAL WARNING, FLUDD. YOU ARE VERY CLOSE TO REQUIRING CORRECT-
TIONALIZATION.

ANOTHER OF THE LEADER'S WORDS?
VERY POETIC.



NO JOKING MATTER, FLUDD. LOOK AT THESE SUBVERSIVES WHO COULDN'T BE CORRECTED.

SLEEPING AWAY ETERNITY.

WHY NOT JUST KILL THEM?

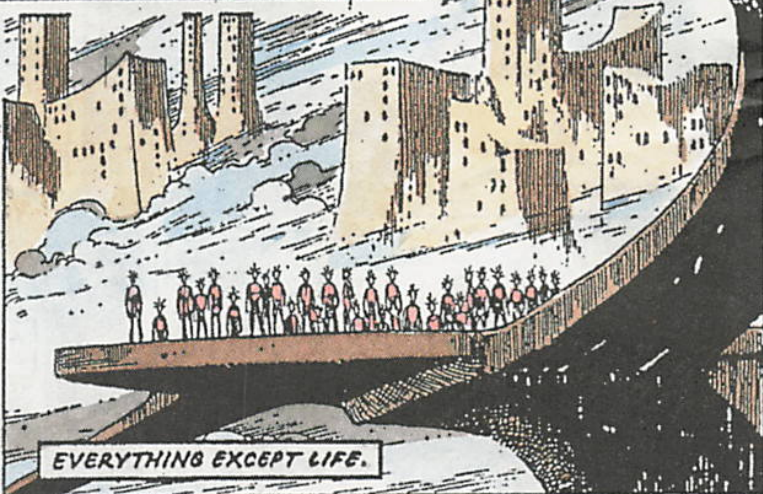


THAT'S DISGUSTING, FLUDD. NO-ONE DIES ANYMORE!



AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS, THE PARTY FIZZLED OUT. SO DID EVERYTHING ELSE.

THE WHOLE CITY'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD.



EVERYTHING EXCEPT LIFE.

AND THEN, THE HORROR BEGAN—

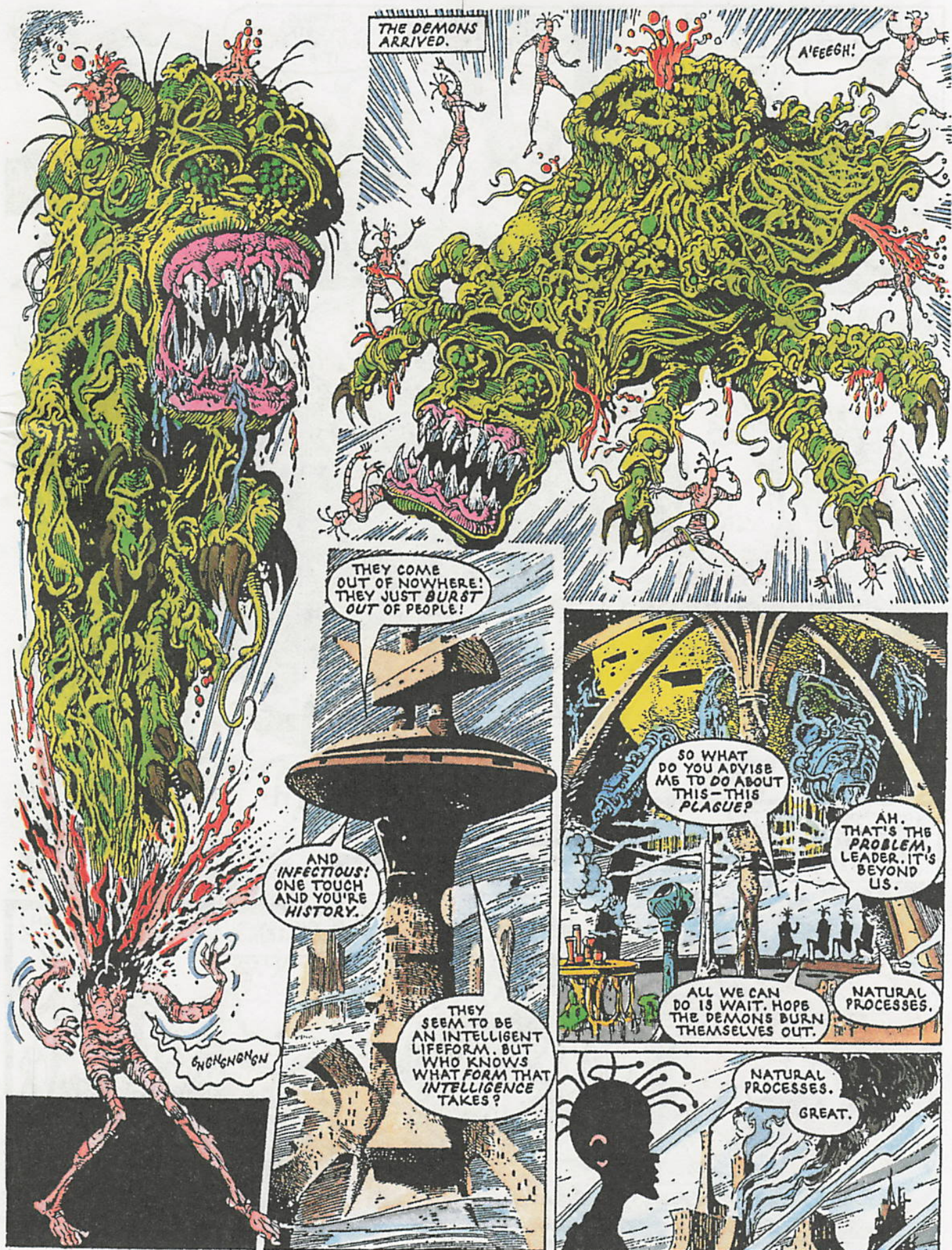
I- I DON'T FEEL WELL.

DON'T BE FOOLISH. EVERYONE FEELS WELL.



NO, I MEAN I REALLY... I REALLY... NG66A NG66A
6666666

AND SO IT WENT ON, CENTURY AFTER CENTURY. A STRAIGHT, UNENDING, UN-
FALTERING LINE. BUILDING STOPPED. ART STOPPED. EVERY-
THING STOPPED.



THE DEMONS
ARRIVED.

A'EEEGH!

THEY COME
OUT OF NOWHERE!
THEY JUST BURST
OUT OF PEOPLE!

AND
INFECTIOUS!
ONE TOUCH
AND YOU'RE
HISTORY.

THEY
SEEM TO BE
AN INTELLIGENT
LIFEFORM. BUT
WHO KNOWS
WHAT FORM THAT
INTELLIGENCE
TAKES?

SO WHAT
DO YOU ADVISE
ME TO DO ABOUT
THIS—THIS
PLAGUE?

AH.
THAT'S THE
PROBLEM,
LEADER. IT'S
BEYOND
US.

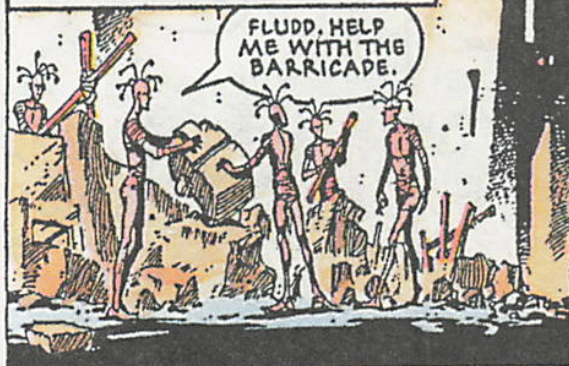
ALL WE CAN
DO IS WAIT. HOPE
THE DEMONS BURN
THEMSELVES OUT.

NATURAL
PROCESSES.

NATURAL
PROCESSES.

GREAT.

THE IRONY WAS THAT MANKIND
STARTED TO BUILD THINGS AGAIN.
AND THEY STARTED TO DIE.

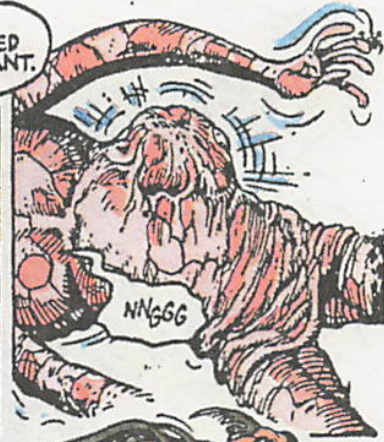


FLUDD, HELP
ME WITH THE
BARRICADE.

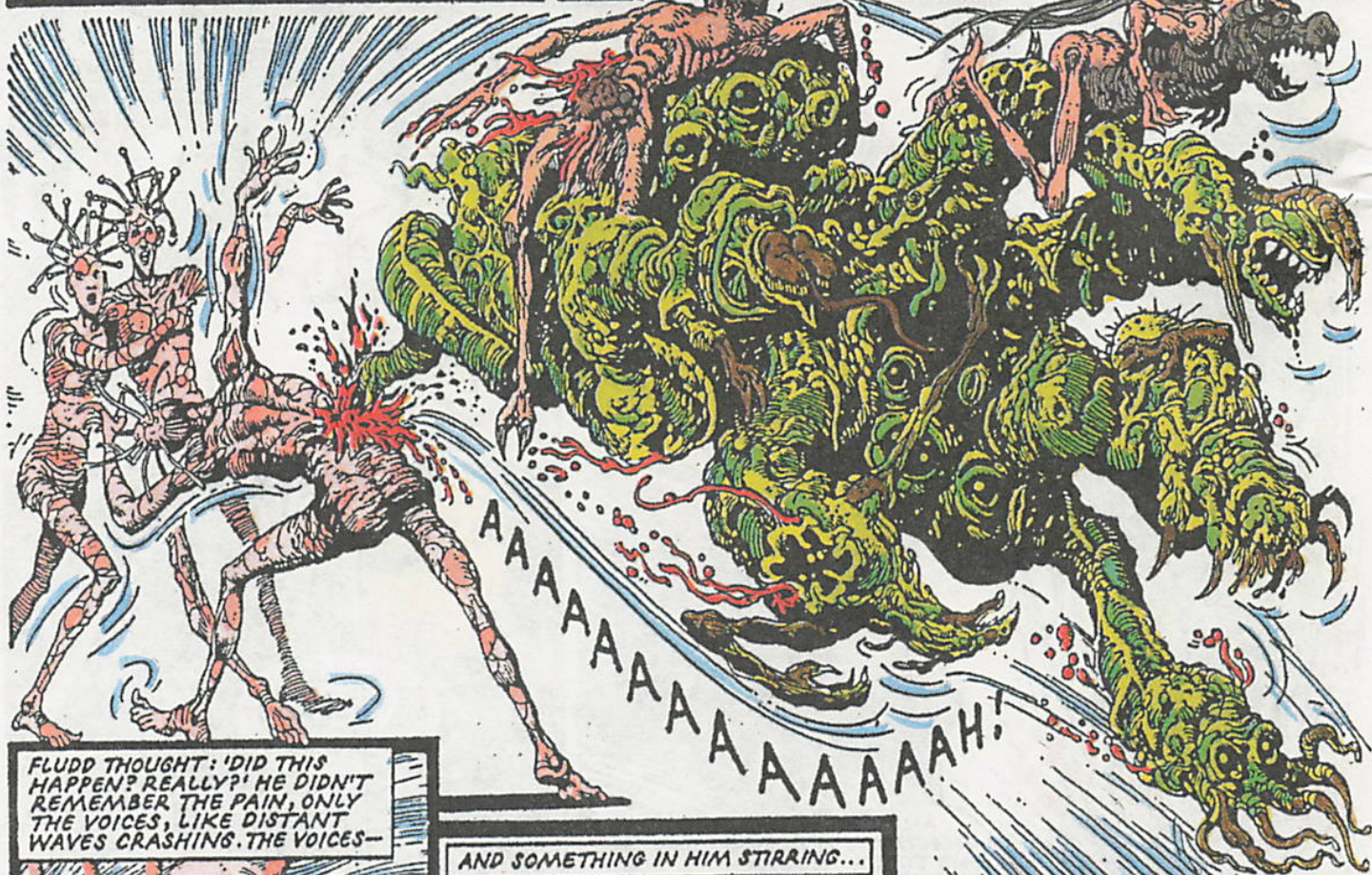
FLUDD!
YOU
OKAY?



IT'S NOTHING.
THINK I'VE STRAINED
A NEW TRANSPLANT.
IT'S —



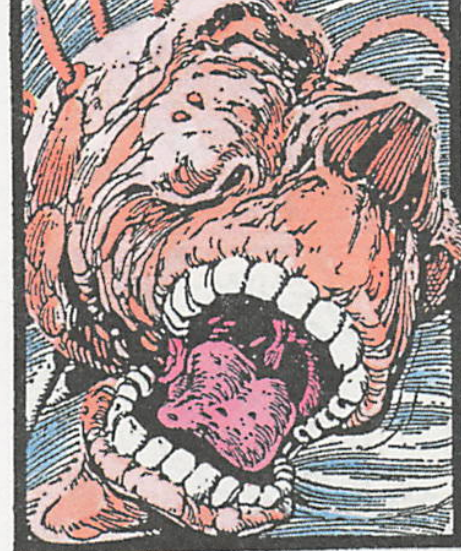
NNGGG



AAAAAAH!

FLUDD THOUGHT: 'DID THIS
HAPPEN? REALLY?' HE DIDN'T
REMEMBER THE PAIN, ONLY
THE VOICES, LIKE DISTANT
WAVES CRASHING. THE VOICES—

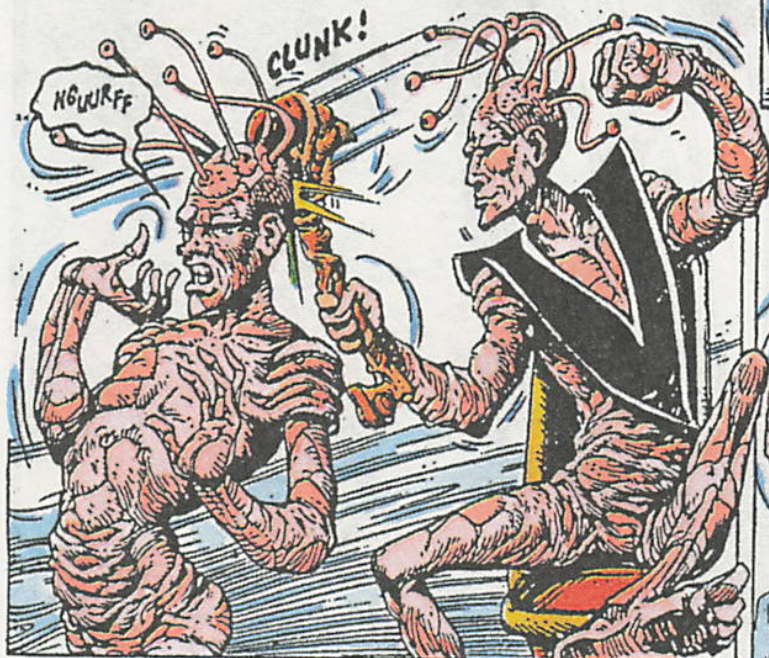
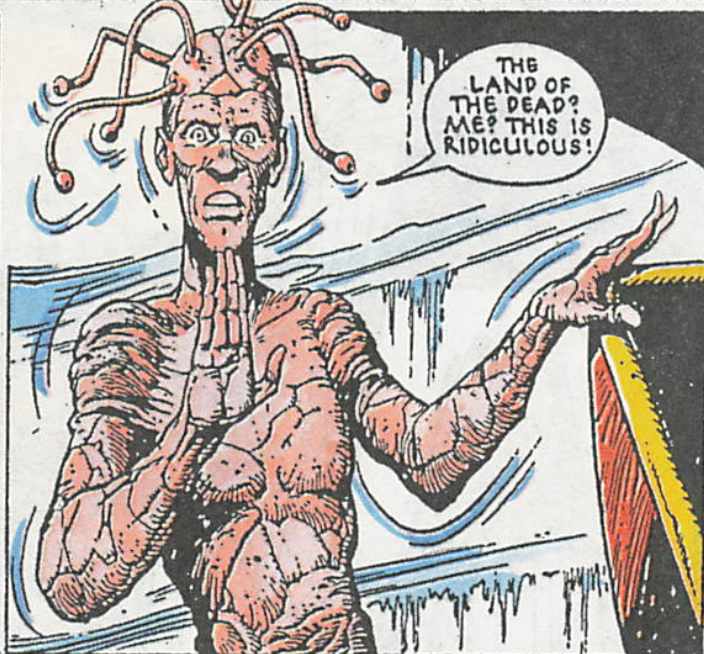
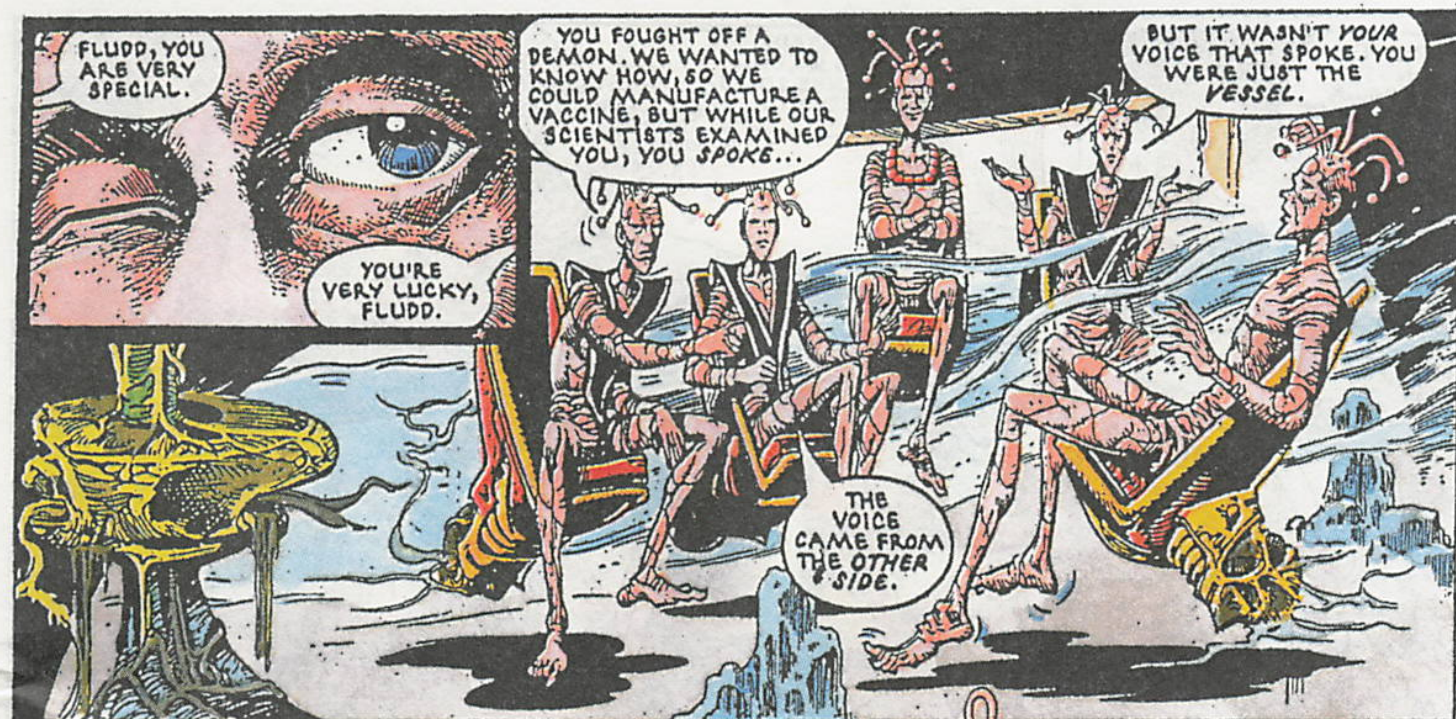
AND SOMETHING IN HIM STIRRING...

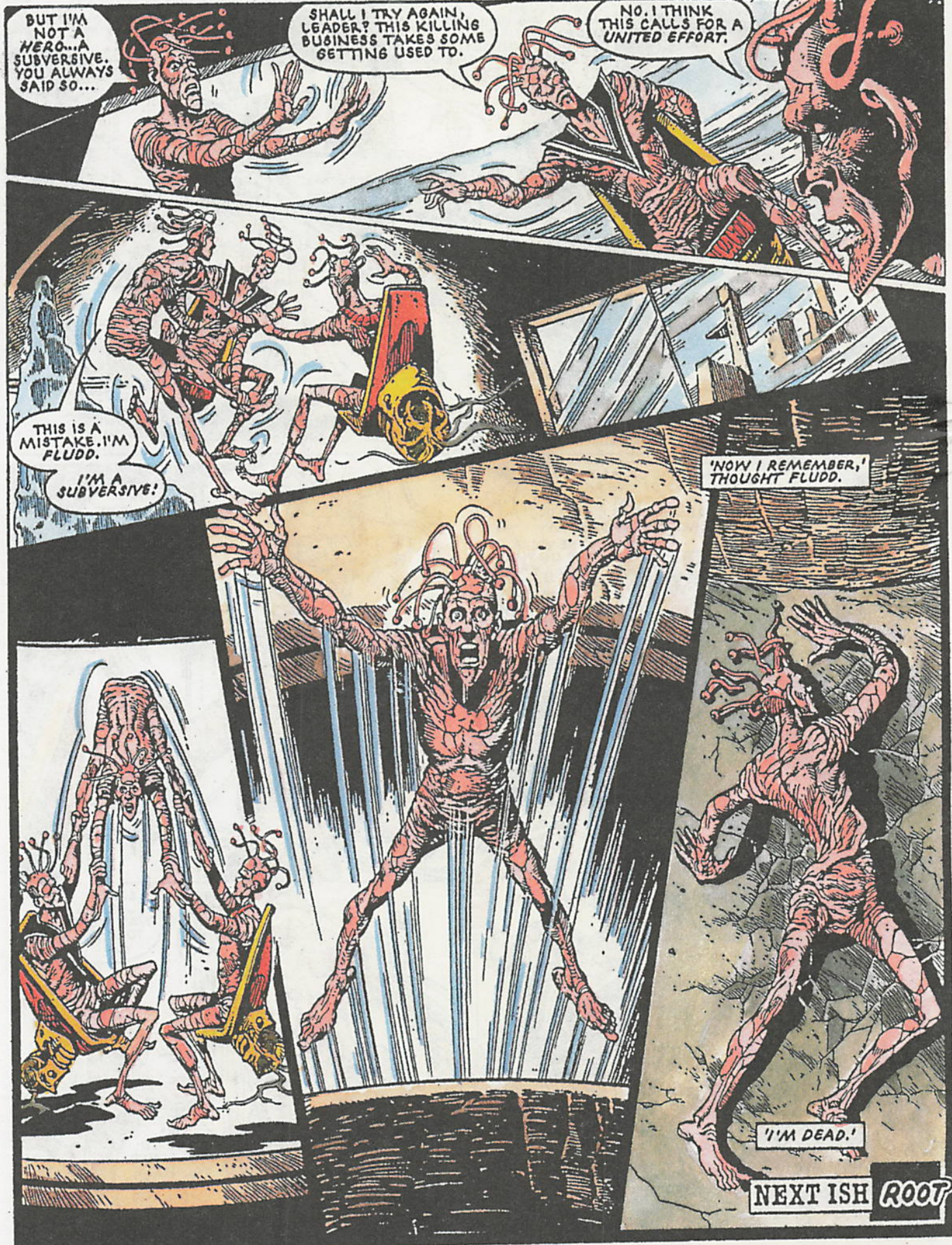


THE DEMON! IT'S...
WITHERING AWAY!

FLUDD'S BEATEN
A DEMON!







BUT I'M NOT A HERO...A SUBVERSIVE. YOU ALWAYS SAID SO...

SHALL I TRY AGAIN, LEADER? THIS KILLING BUSINESS TAKES SOME GETTING USED TO.

NO. I THINK THIS CALLS FOR A UNITED EFFORT.

THIS IS A MISTAKE. I'M FLUDD.

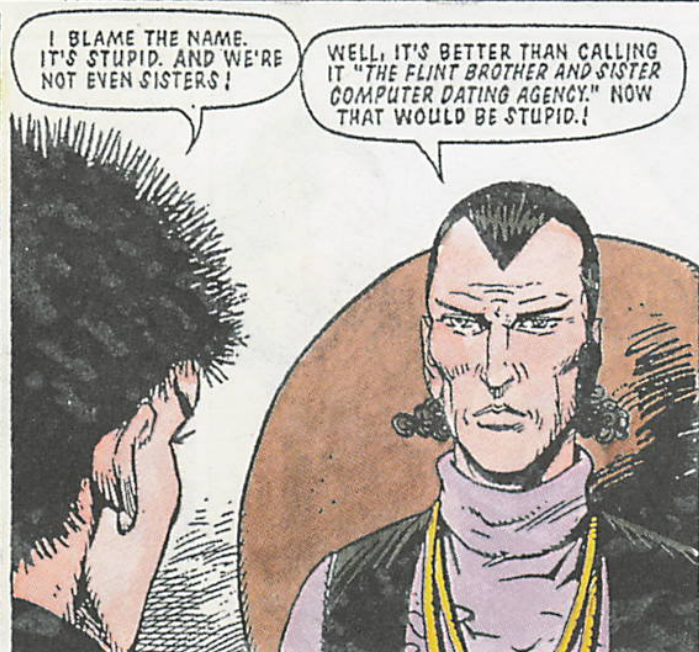
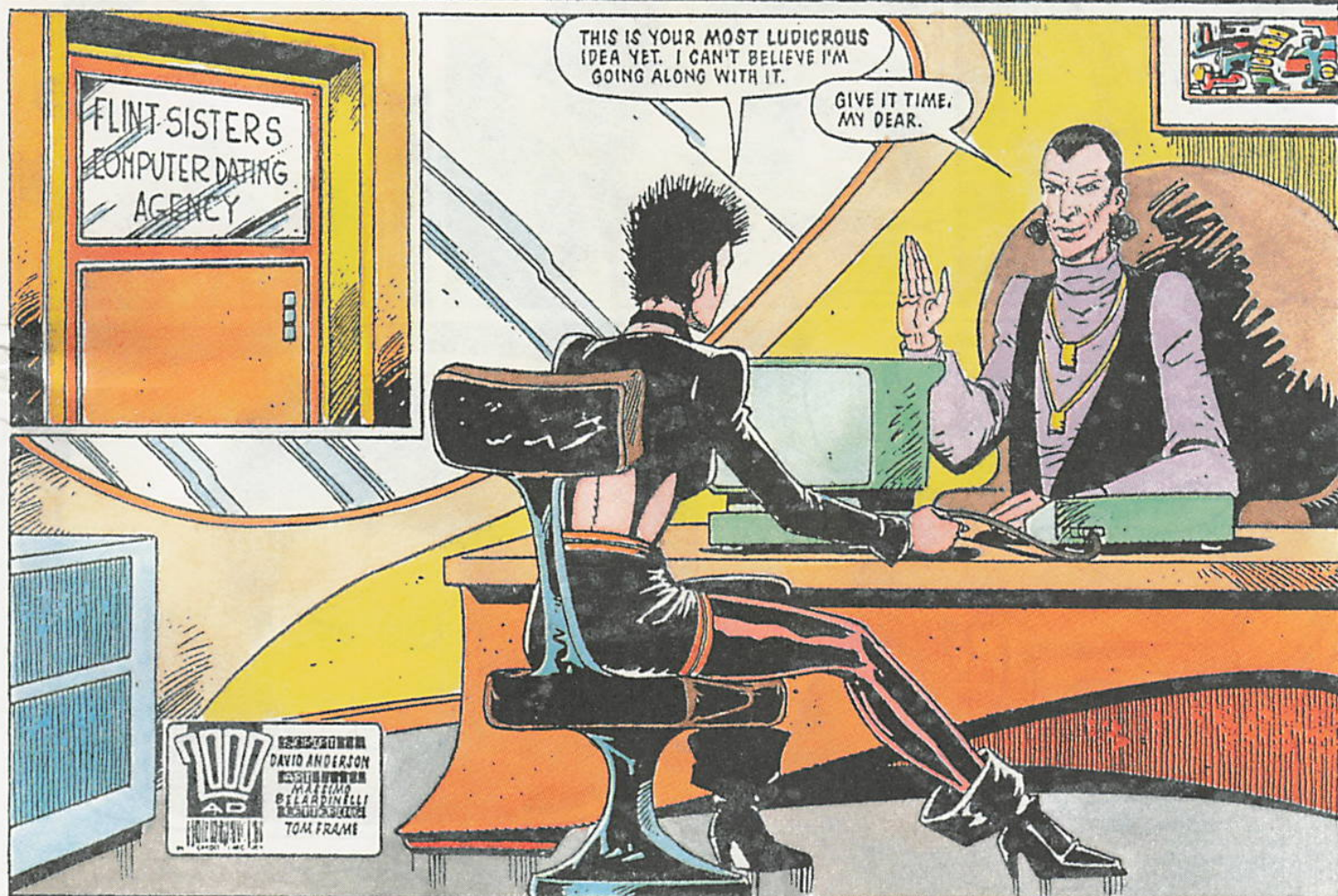
I'M A SUBVERSIVE!

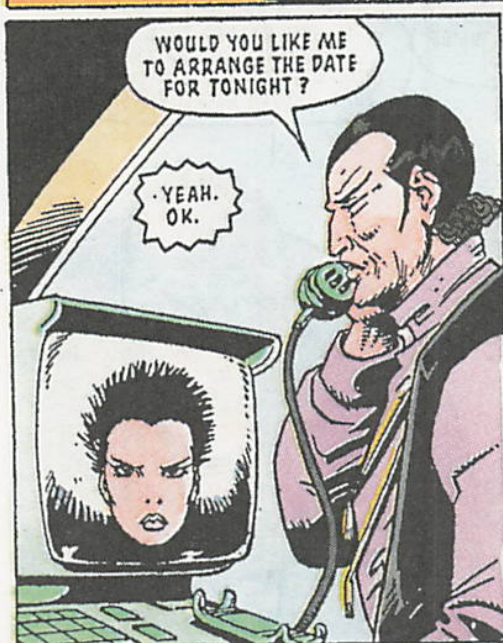
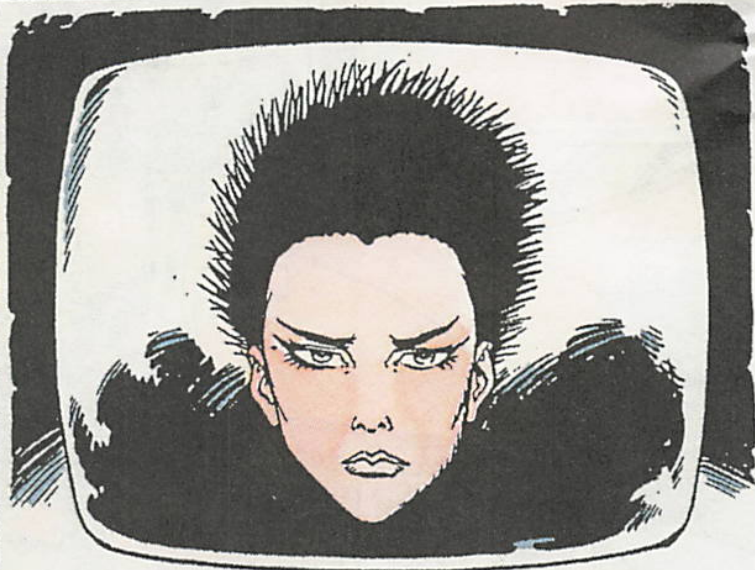
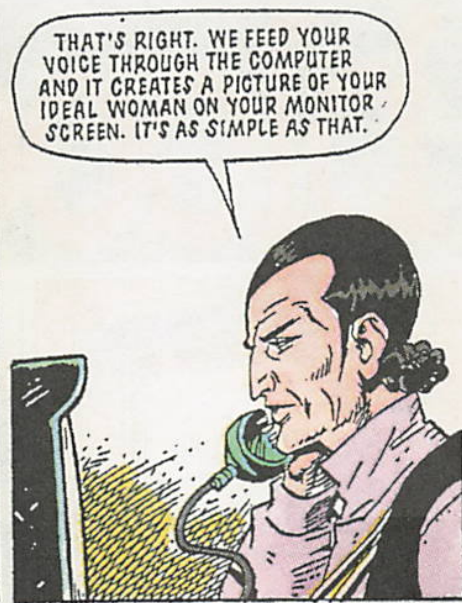
'NOW I REMEMBER,' THOUGHT FLUDD.

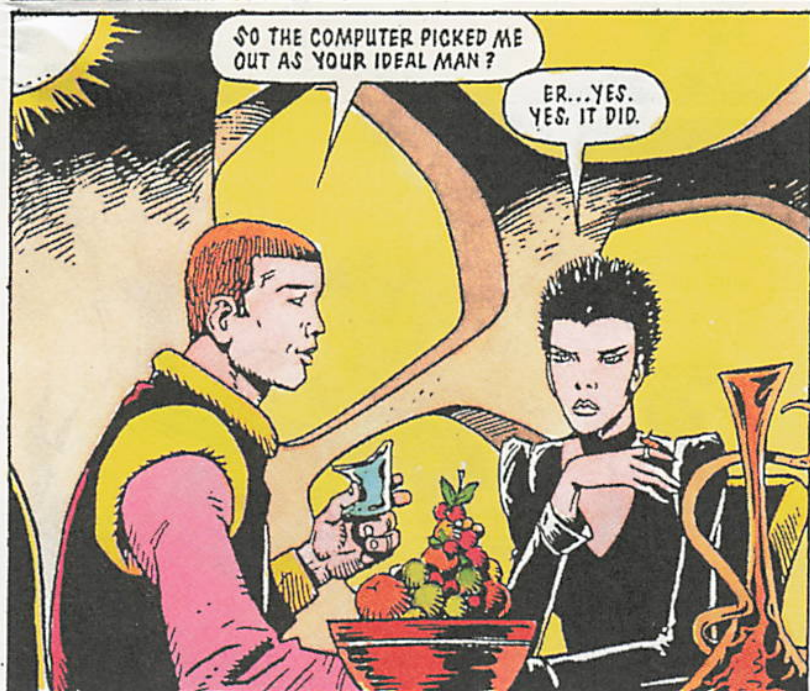
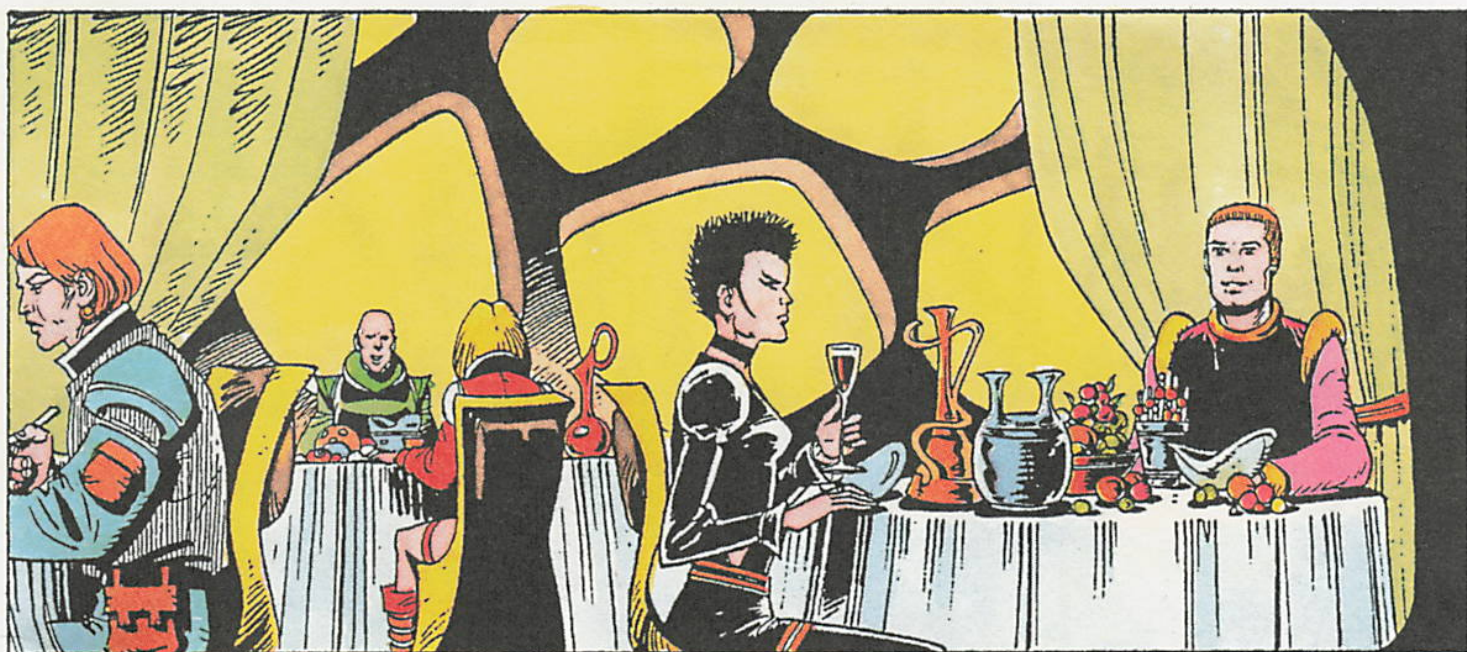
'I'M DEAD.'

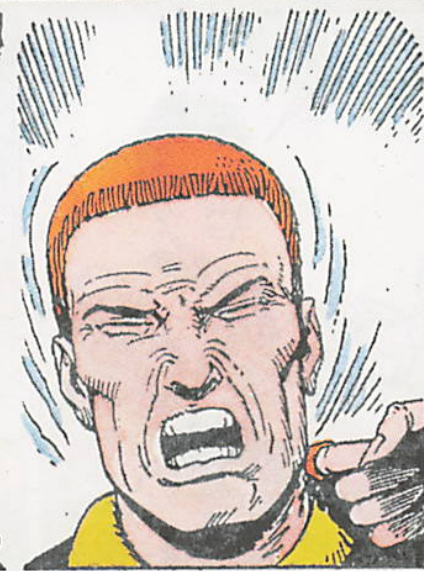
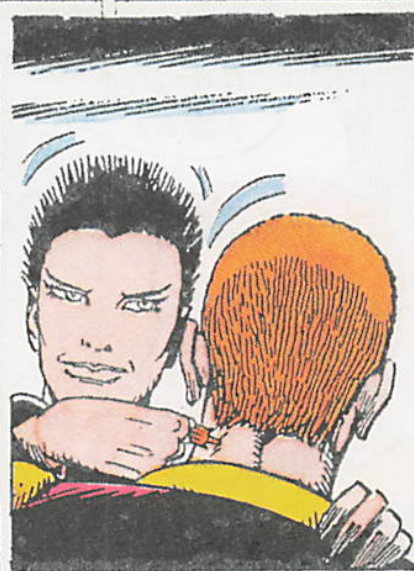
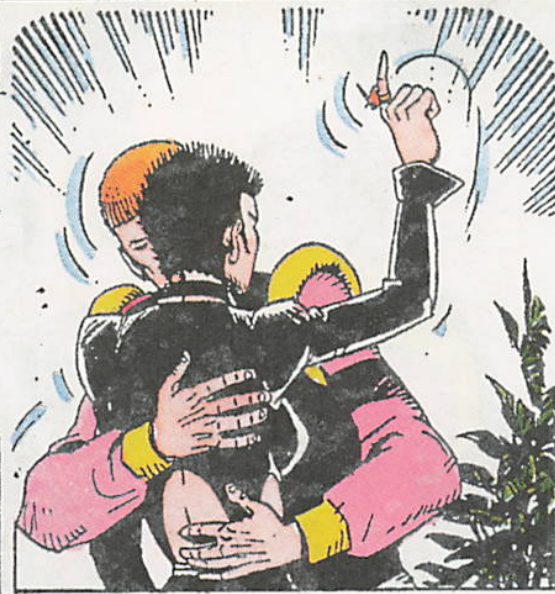
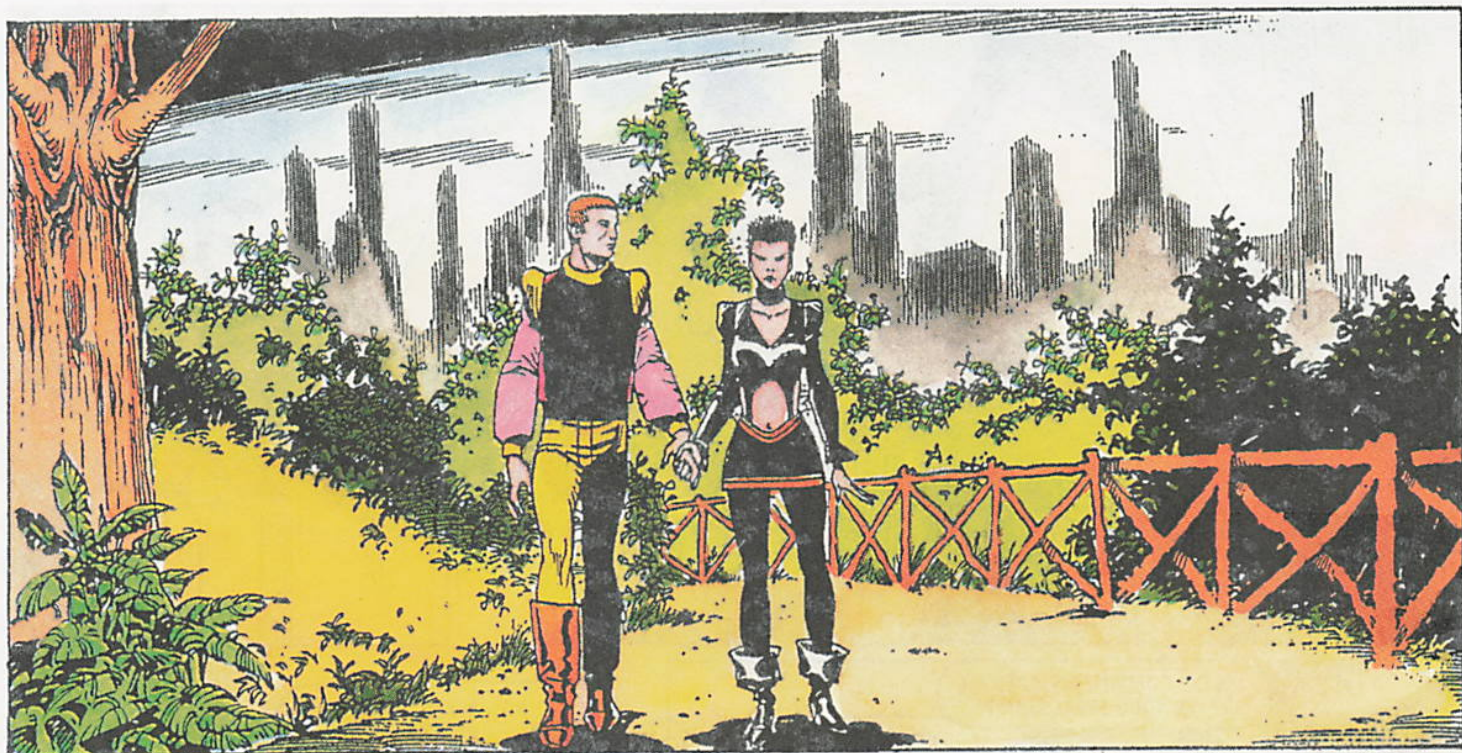
NEXT ISH ROOT

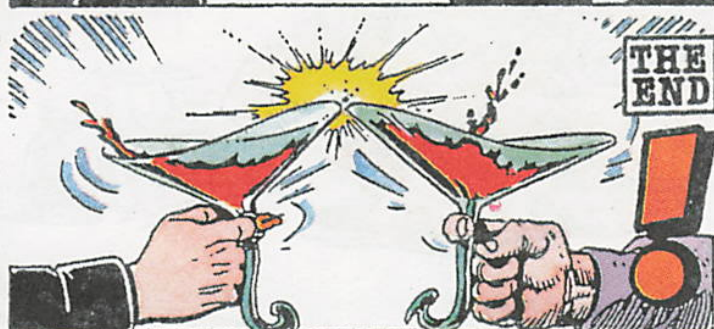
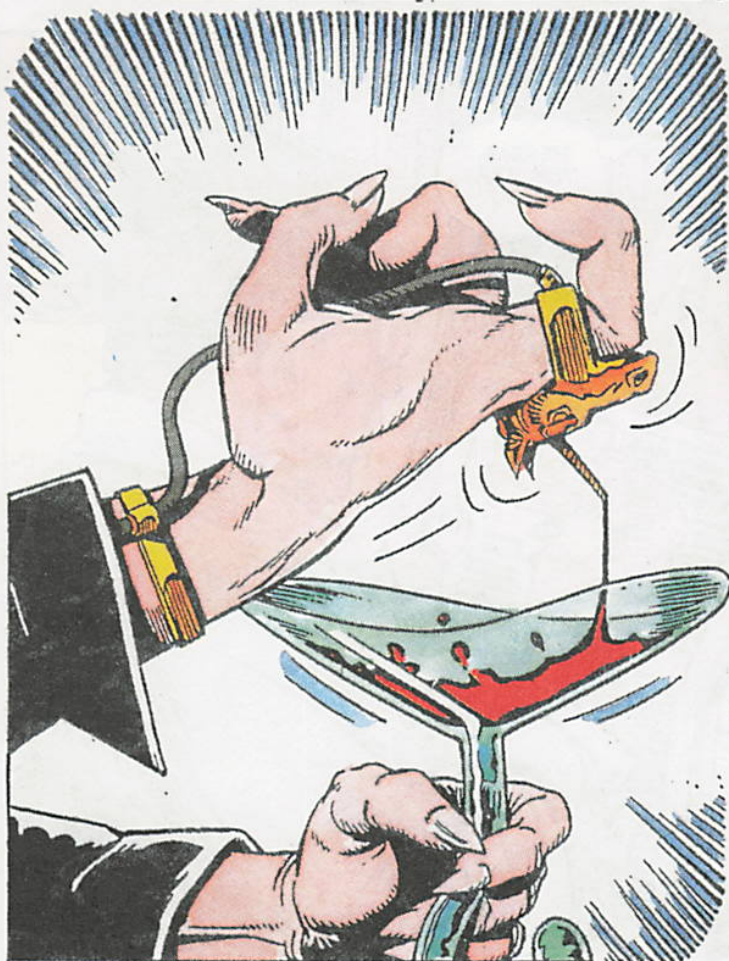
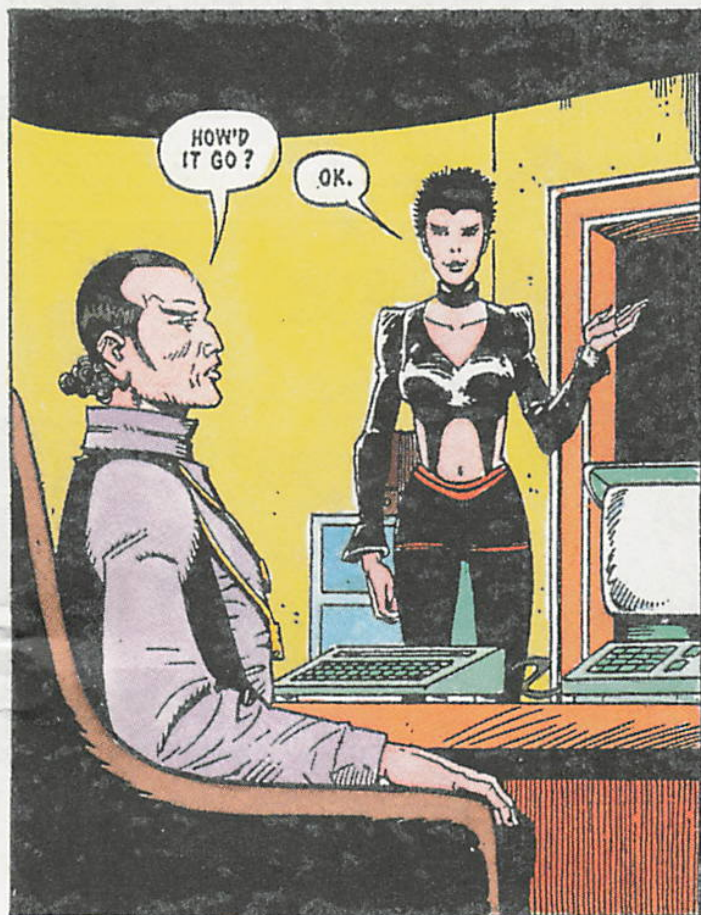
blood relations











THE WOUNDED OF WOLFE SMITH

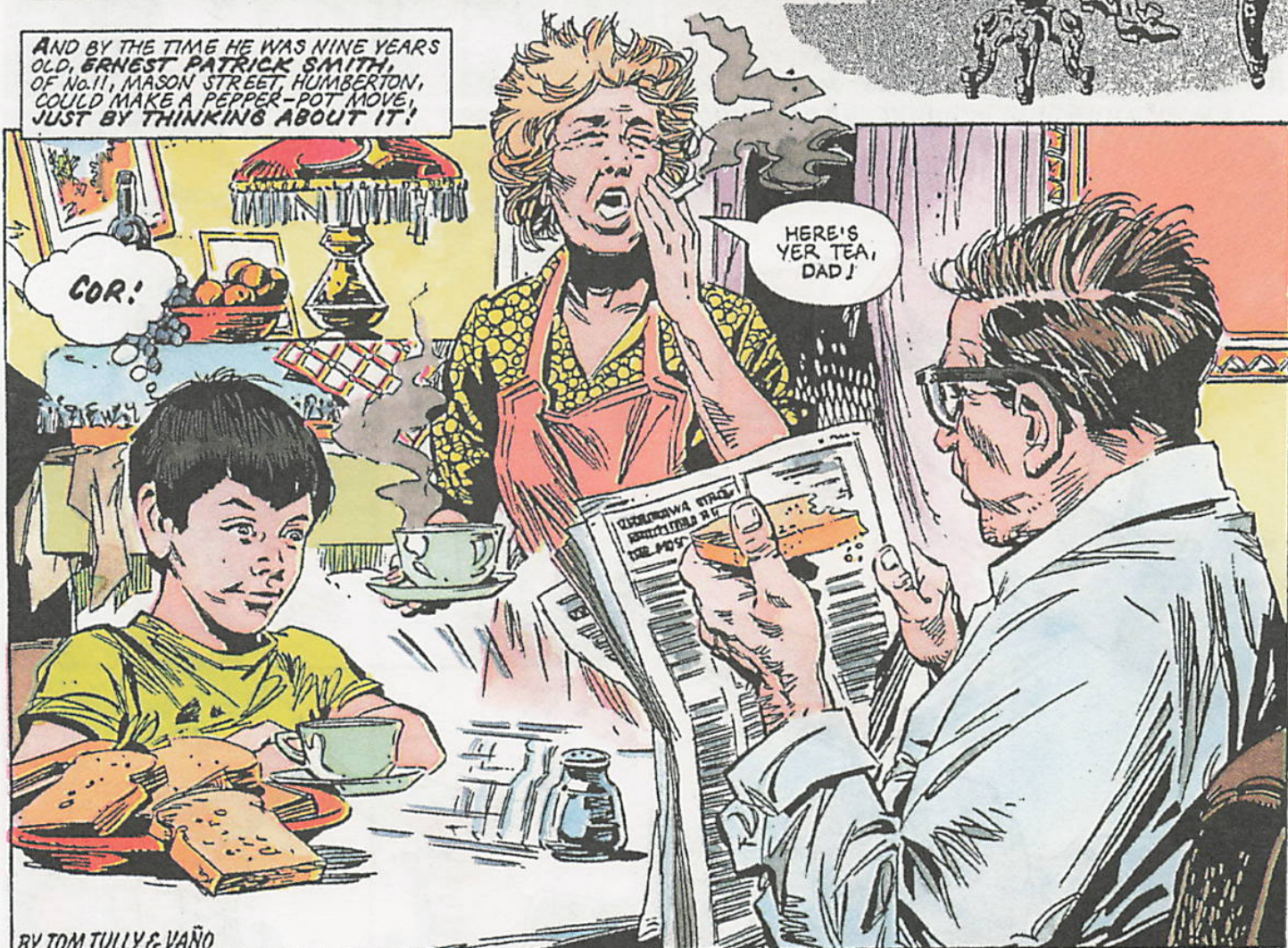


COLOSSAL BRAIN-POWER IS NOT EXCLUSIVE TO ADULTS. EVEN AS A CHILD, **LEONARDO DA VINCI...** THE LEGENDARY ITALIAN SCIENTIST AND PAINTER...HAD A PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE OF MATHEMATICS...

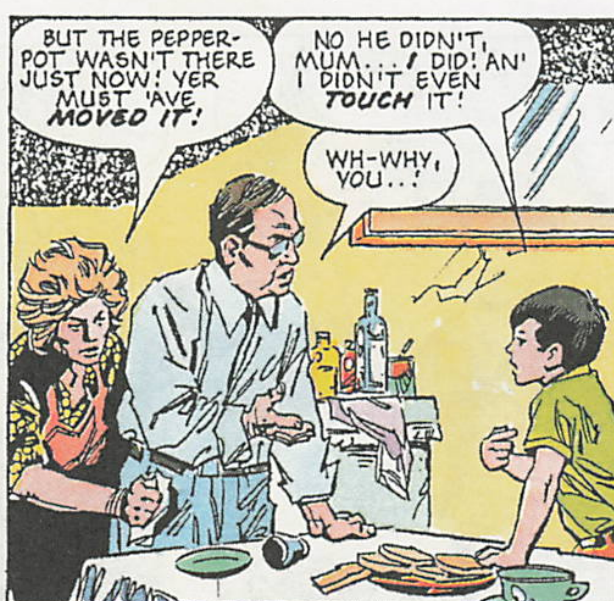
AT THE TENDER AGE OF 7, THE AUSTRIAN COMPOSER, **MOZART**, WENT ON A MUSICAL TOUR, PLAYING MINUETS THAT HE HAD WRITTEN HIMSELF...



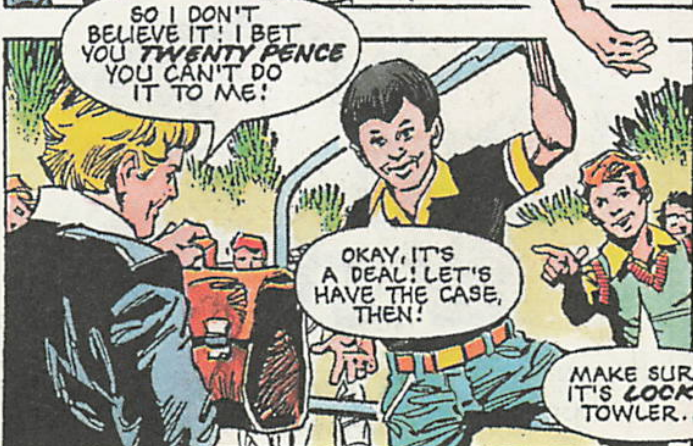
AND BY THE TIME HE WAS NINE YEARS OLD, **ERNEST PATRICK SMITH**, OF No.11, MASON STREET HUMBERTON, COULD MAKE A PEPPER-POT MOVE, JUST BY THINKING ABOUT IT!



BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO

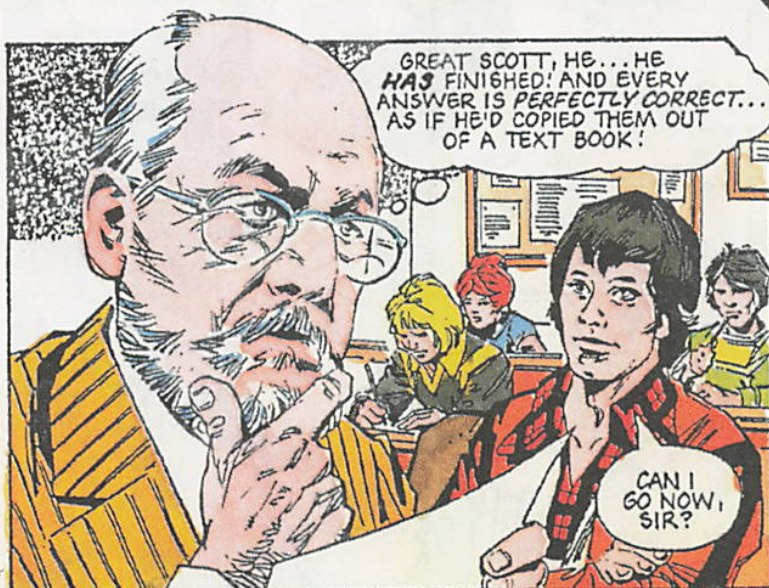


BUT AS THE YEARS PASSED, EVEN ERNIE'S SCHOOLMATES BEGAN TO SUSPECT THAT HE WAS A BIT... 'PECULIAR'...

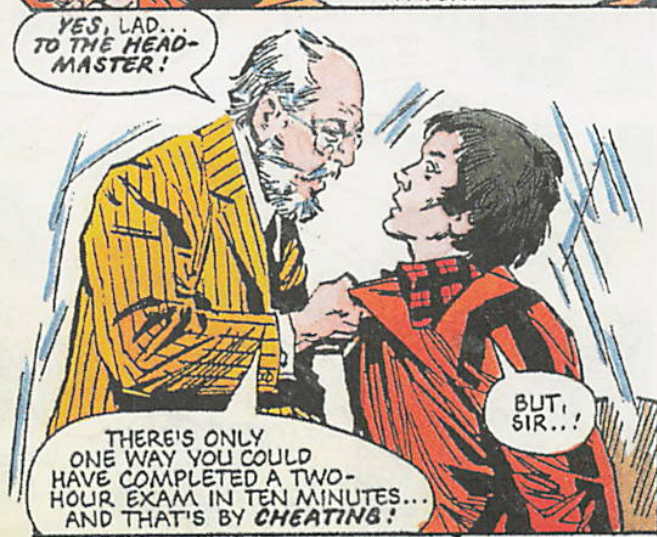


TO ERNIE, IT WAS JUST ANOTHER 'TRICK' THAT HE HAD FOUND HE COULD DO - A MEANS OF EARNING SOME POCKET MONEY!





THAT WAS HOW ERNIE 'WOLFIE' SMITH GOT HIS NICK-NAME IN FACT, MOST PEOPLE FORGOT HIS REAL NAME AS HE GREW OLDER...AND HIS STRANGE POWERS GREW STRONGER!



THE TEACHERS COULDN'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE THAT WOLFIE HAD BEEN CHEATING... BUT HE WAS SENT HOME IN DISGRACE...

VENNER, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT YOUNG SMITH MIGHT BE... A GENIUS?

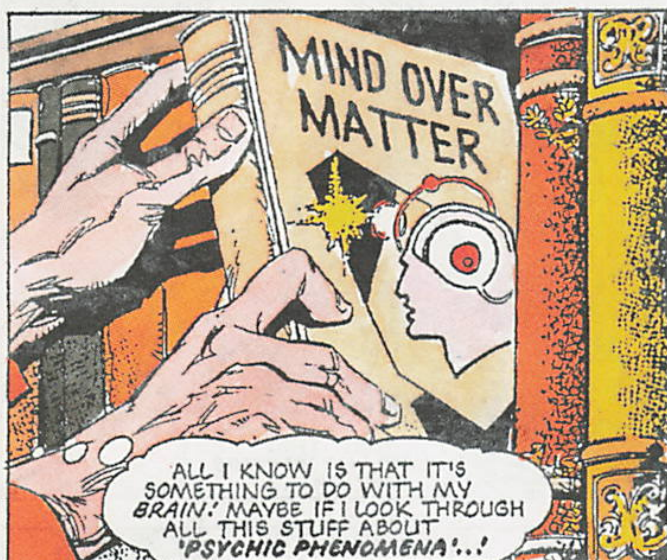
WITH HIS UPBRINGING? I'M AFRAID NOT, HEAD-MASTER!

BUT IT'S HIGH TIME THAT I HAD ANOTHER CHAT WITH HIS PARENTS...

LATER THAT DAY, A LONE FIGURE POUNDED UP THE LOCAL LIBRARY STEPS...

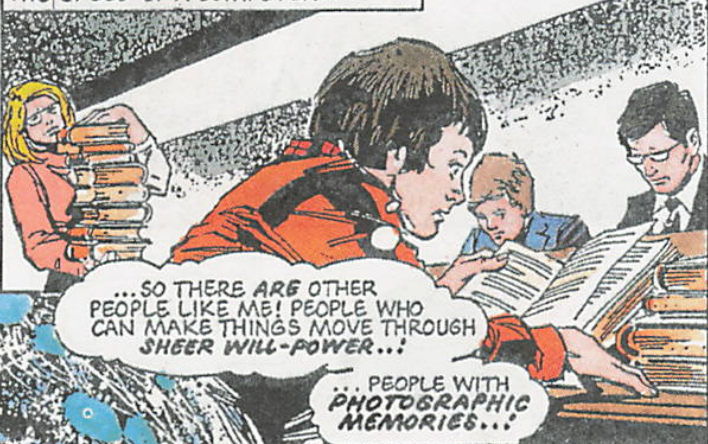
...IT'S NO USE TRYING TO TELL 'EM THAT I CAN REMEMBER SOMETHING... **WORD-FOR-WORD**... JUST BY READING IT ONCE!

THAT'S HOW I SWOTTED UP FOR THE EXAM! BUT... **HOW** DO I DO IT? WHAT'S THE **MATTER** WITH ME...?



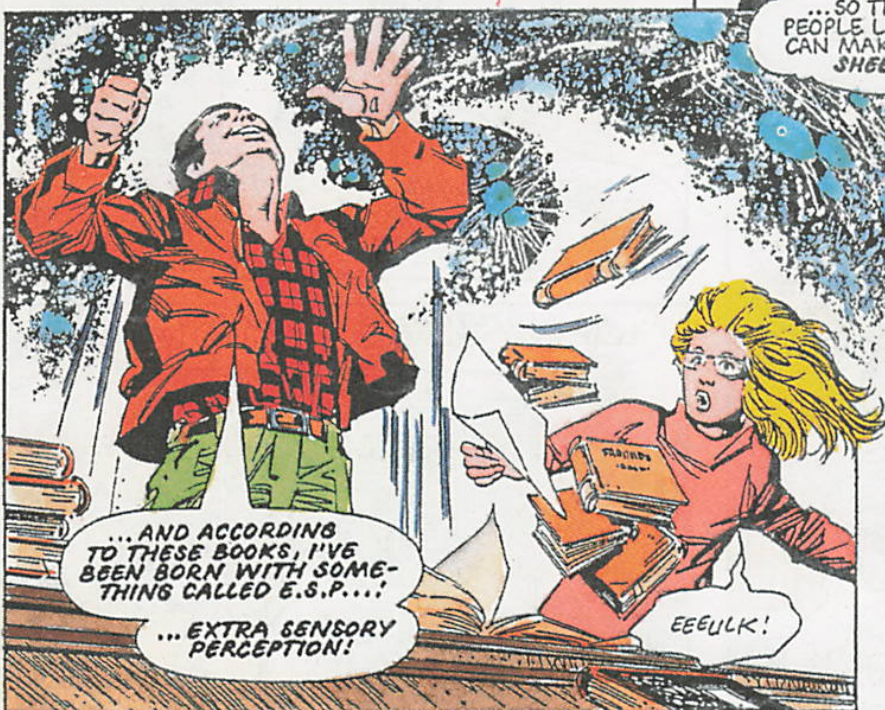
ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY **BRAIN**! MAYBE IF I LOOK THROUGH ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT '**PSYCHIC PHENOMENA**'...

WOLFIE KEPT THE LIBRARIAN BUSY. BY NOW, HIS MIND COULD DEVOUR THE CONTENTS OF A BOOK WITH THE SPEED OF A COMPUTER...



...SO THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE LIKE ME! PEOPLE WHO CAN MAKE THINGS MOVE THROUGH **SHEER WILL-POWER**...

...PEOPLE WITH **PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES**...



...AND ACCORDING TO THESE BOOKS, I'VE BEEN BORN WITH SOMETHING CALLED **E.S.P.**...

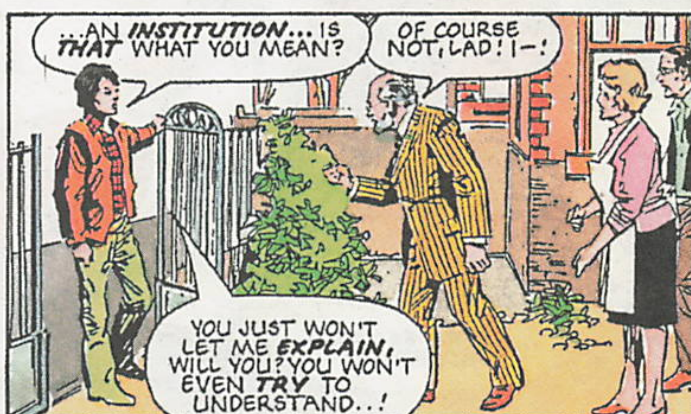
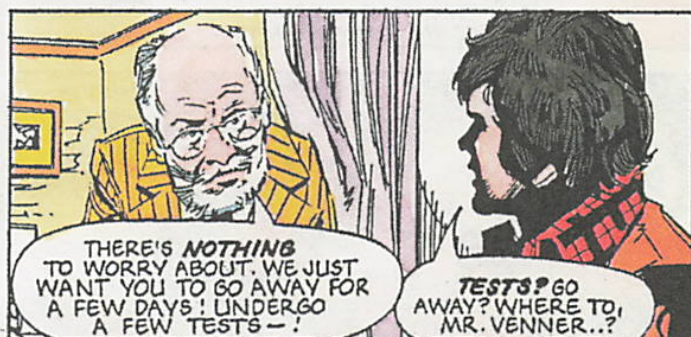
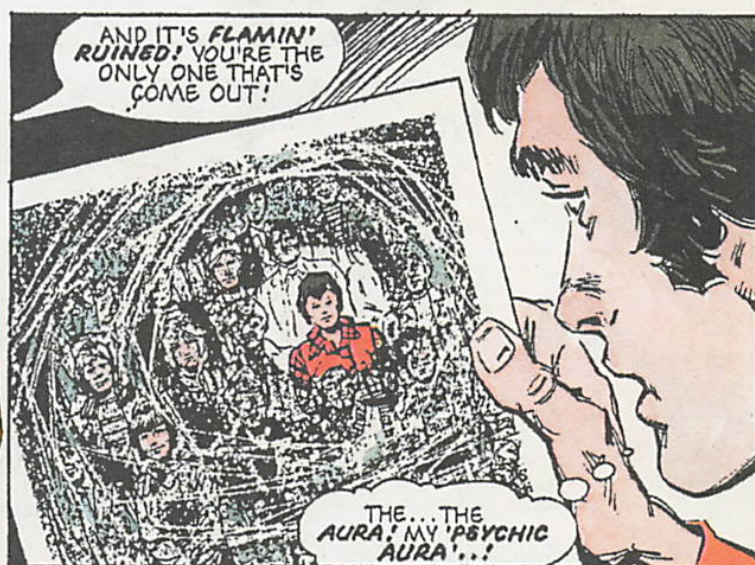
...**EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION**!

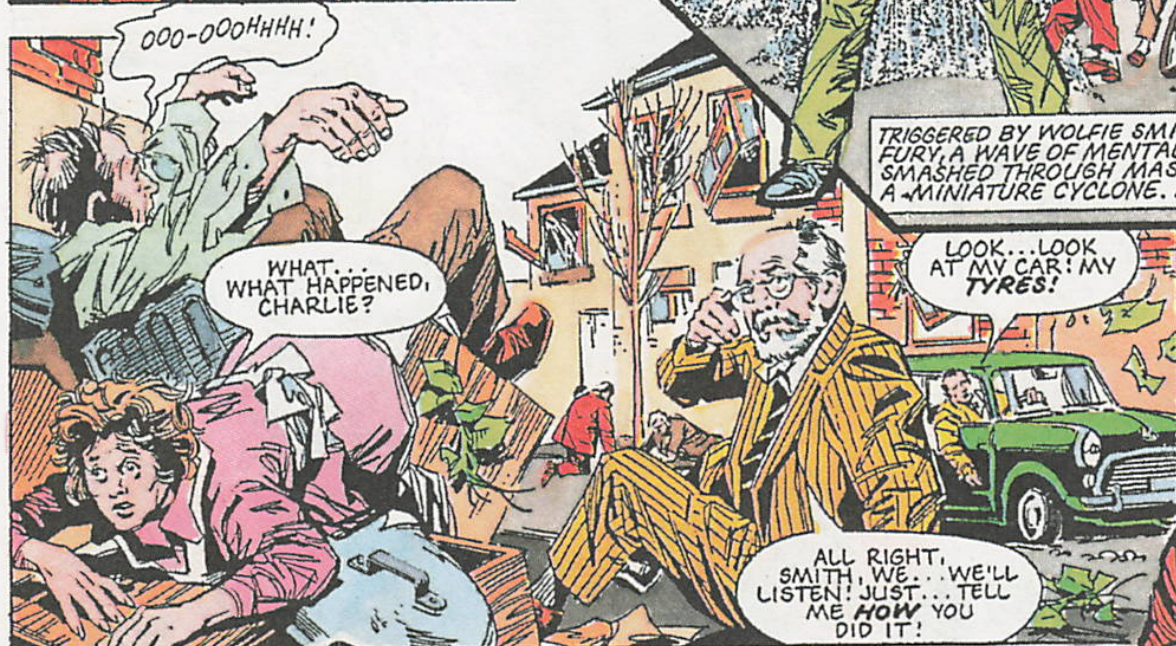
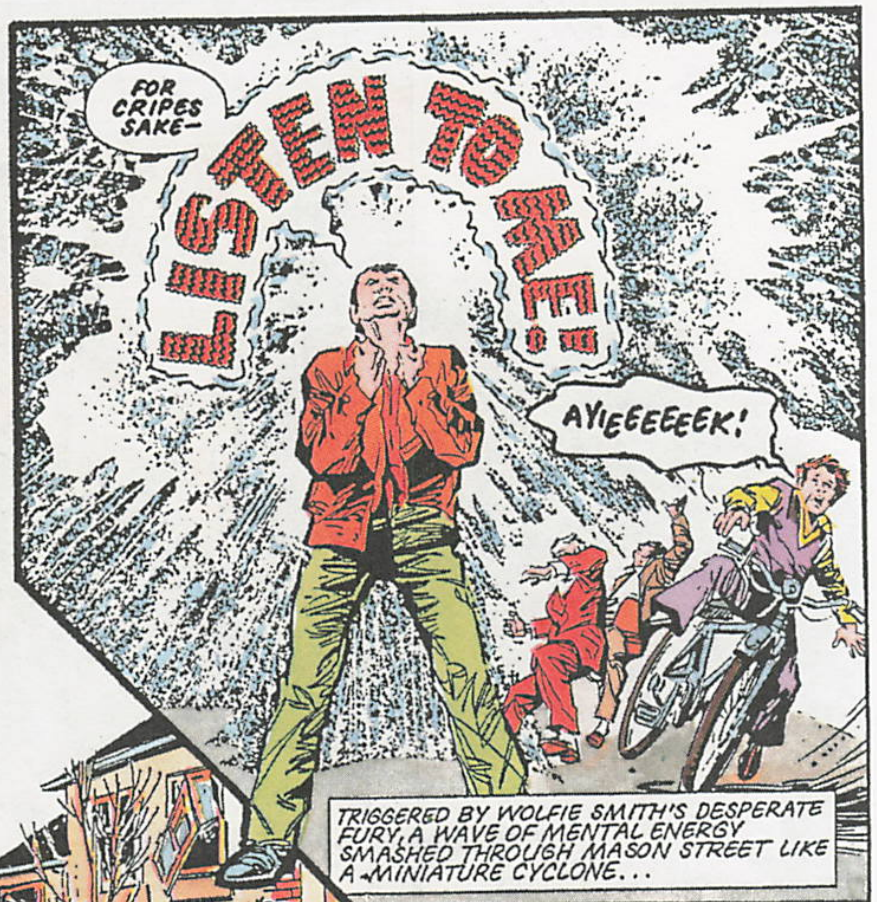
EEEULK!



JUST WAIT 'TIL I TELL MUM AND DAD! NOW I CAN MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT I'M **NOT** SOME KIND OF FREAK! THAT I WAS JUST BORN WITH A **SUPER-POWERFUL BRAIN**!

THEY... THEY'LL BE **PROUD** OF ME...





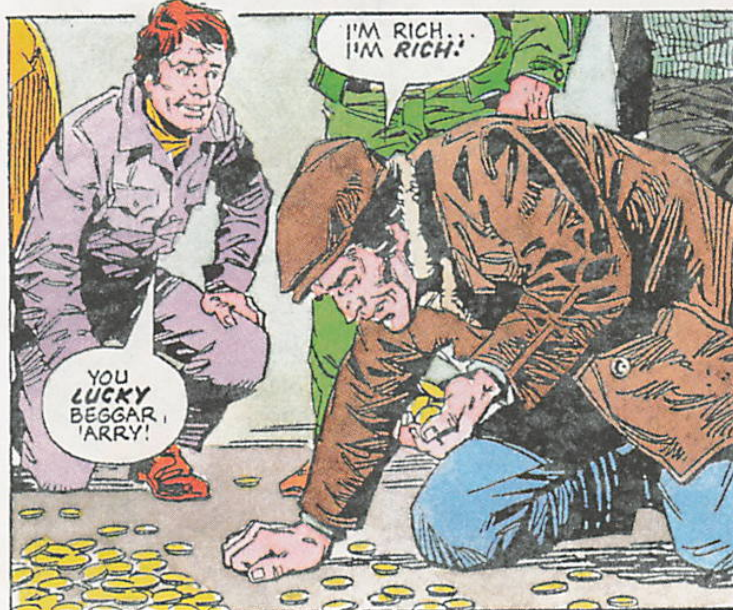
FROM MISUNDERSTANDING PARENTS...
TO A GREASY ROADSIDE CAFE...

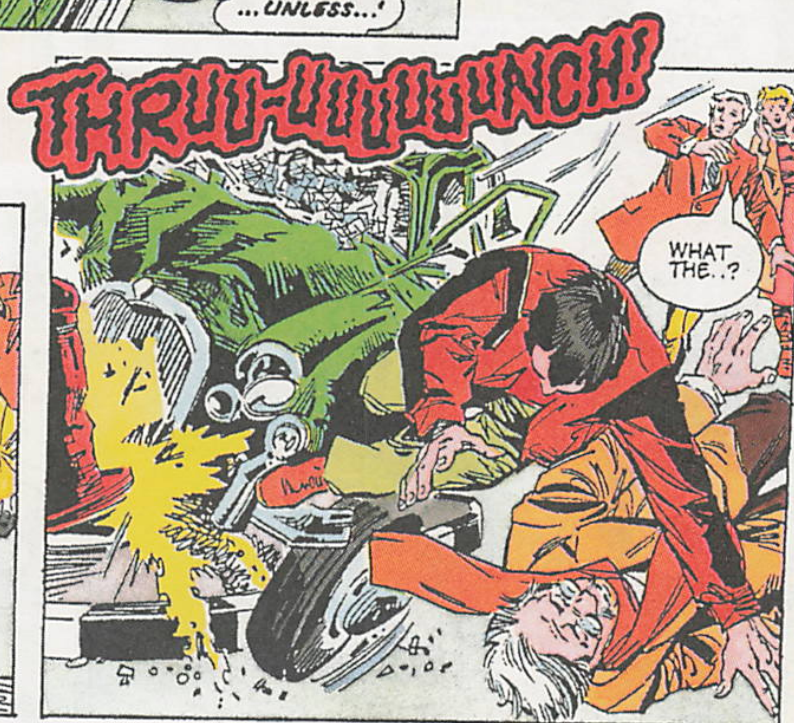
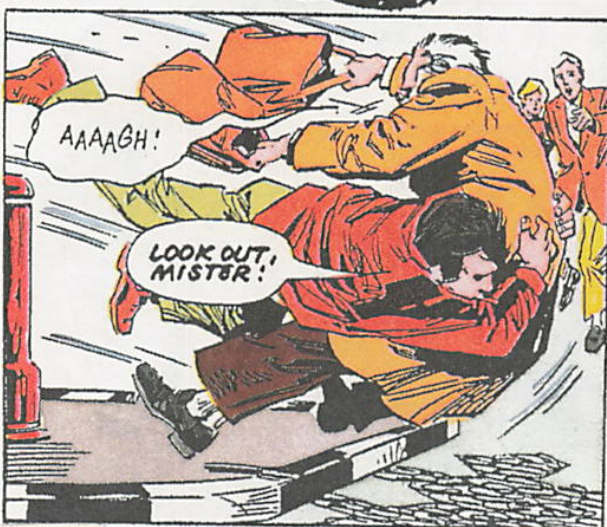
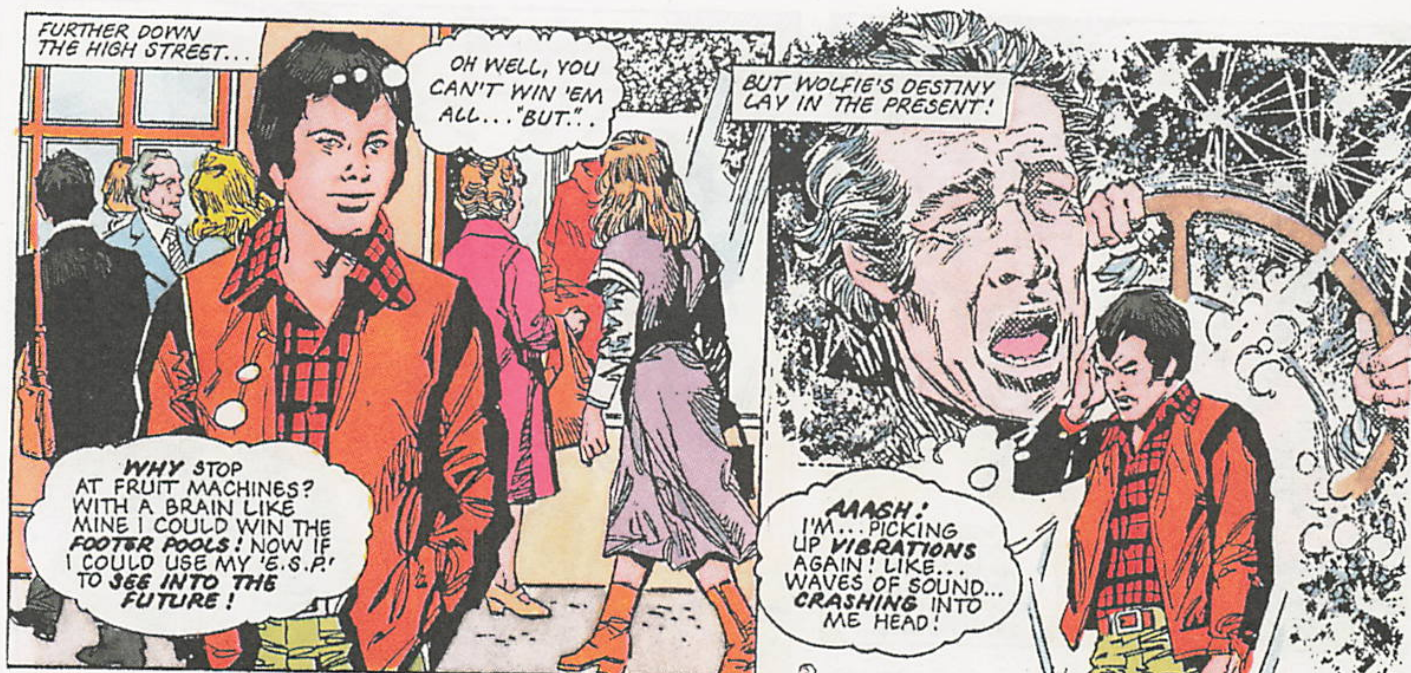


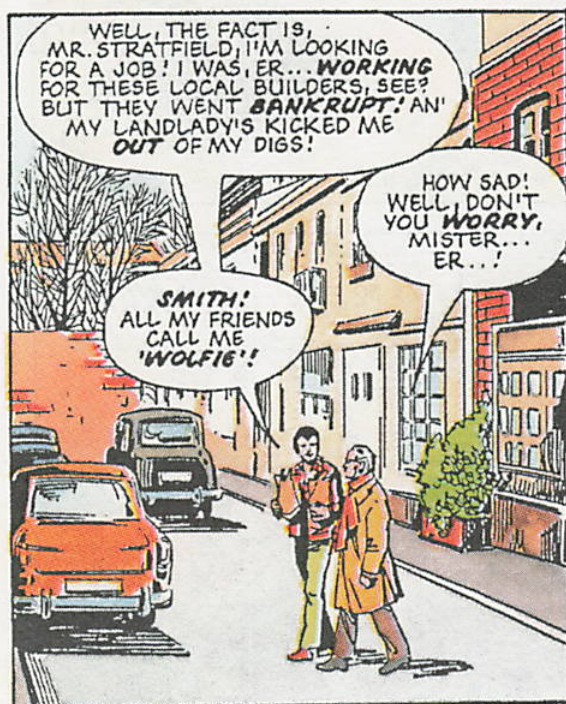
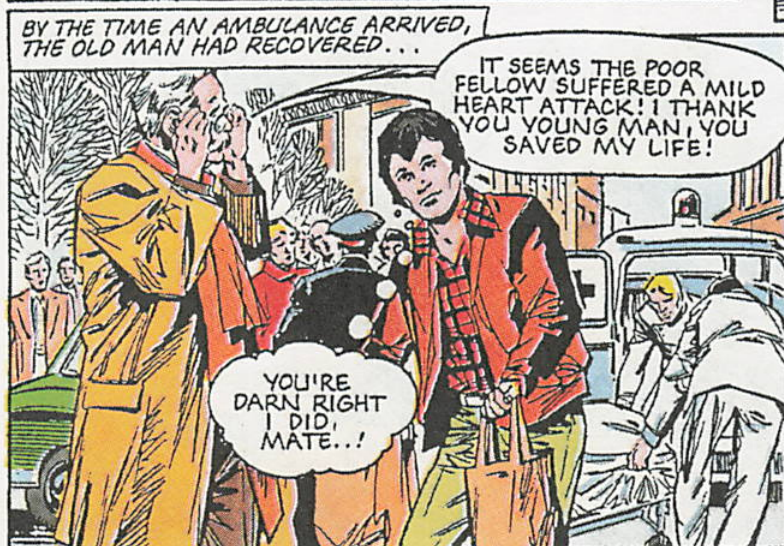
WOLFIE HAD ALREADY DISCOVERED
THAT HE COULD 'SEE' INSIDE
ALMOST ANY OBJECT, SIMPLY BY
TOUCHING IT...

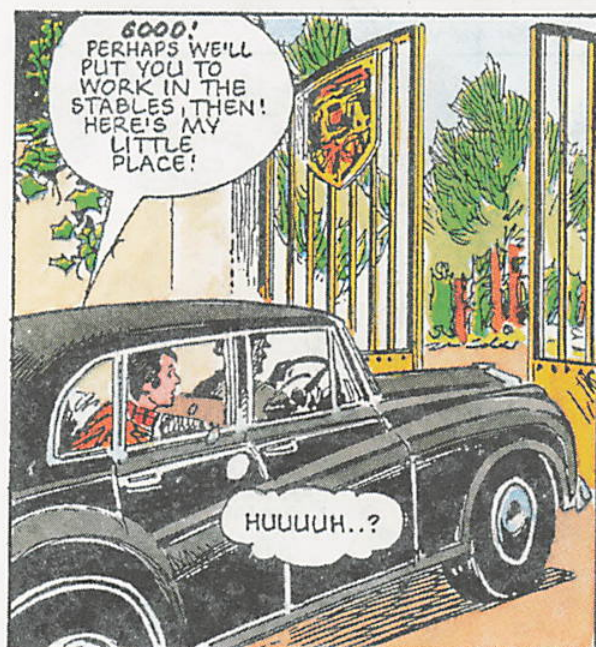
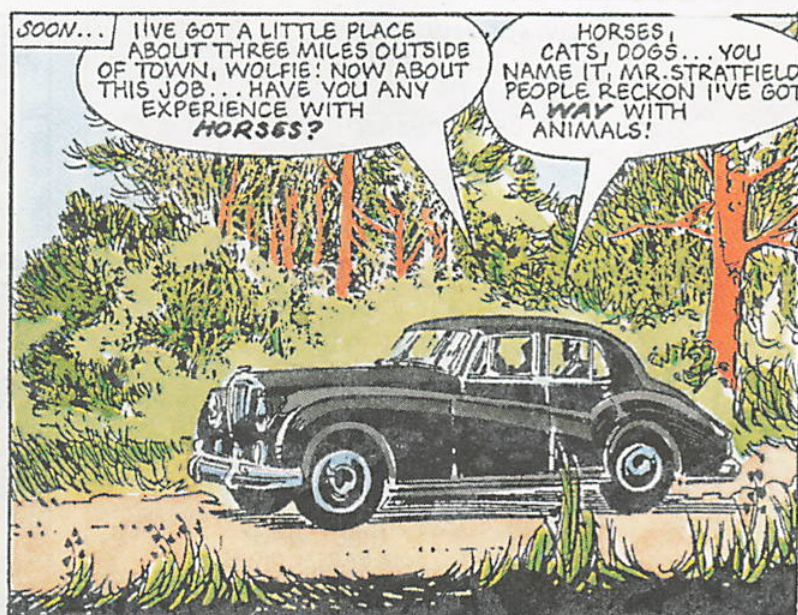
I'VE ALREADY
WORKED OUT EVERY
POSSIBLE COMBINATION
OF SYMBOLS... AND THE
SEQUENCE IN WHICH THEY
FALL! THAT'S WHY I
KNOW YOU'RE READY
TO PAY OUT...



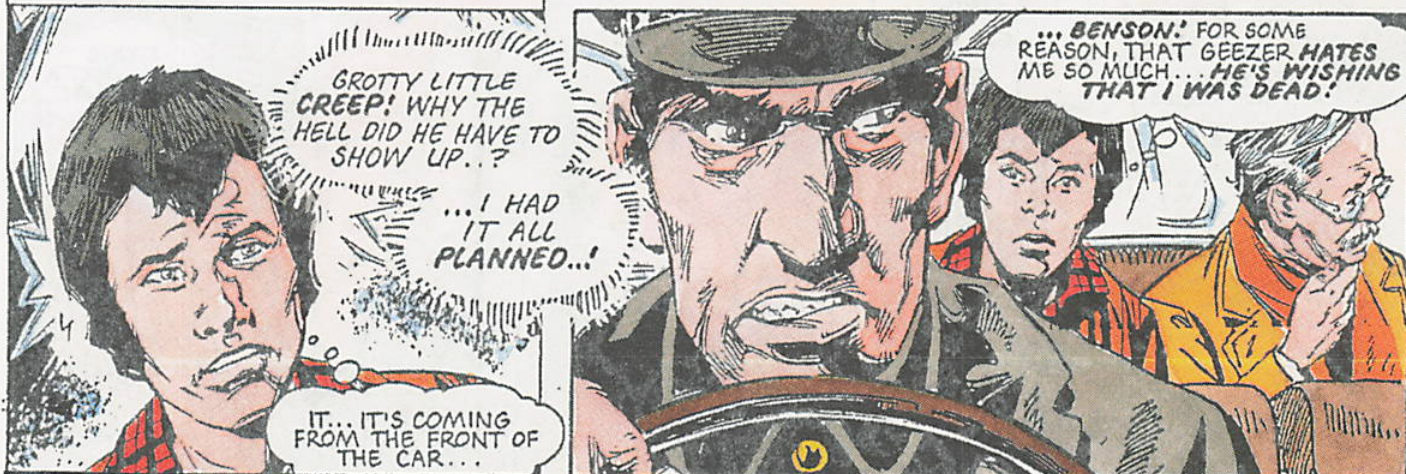








THEN WOLFIE'S BRAIN SEEMED TO EXPLODE! A SUDDEN 'AURA' OF RAGE AND BAFFLED FURY VIBRATED THROUGH THE CAR...





BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT CORNELIUS' 'LITTLE PLACE'...

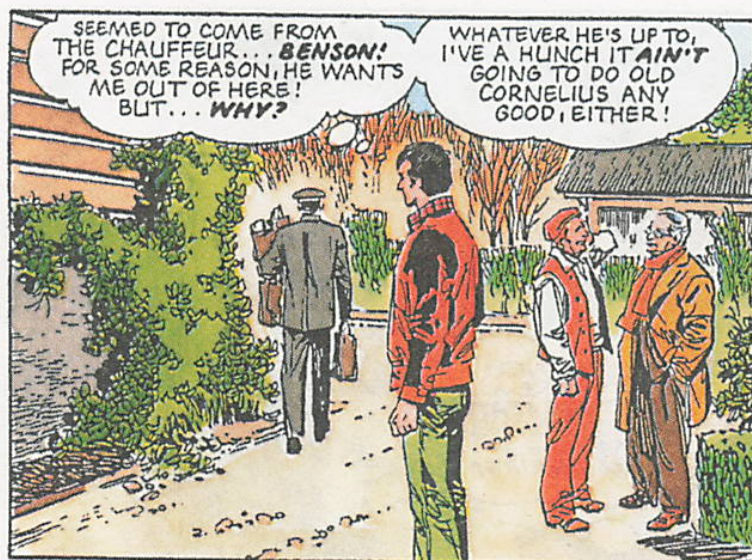
ROLL ME OVER!
IT...IT'S LIKE A
MINIATURE STATELY
HOME! OLD CORNELIUS
MUST BE A
MILLIONAIRE!

THE WOODWORK
NEEDS A TOUCH OF
PAINT, BUT THE BEDS ARE
QUITE COMFY! I'M SURE
YOU'LL BE **VERY** HAPPY
HERE, WOLFIE!

THAT'S IF
YOU'RE AROUND
LONG ENOUGH TO
ENJOY IT, CREEP!

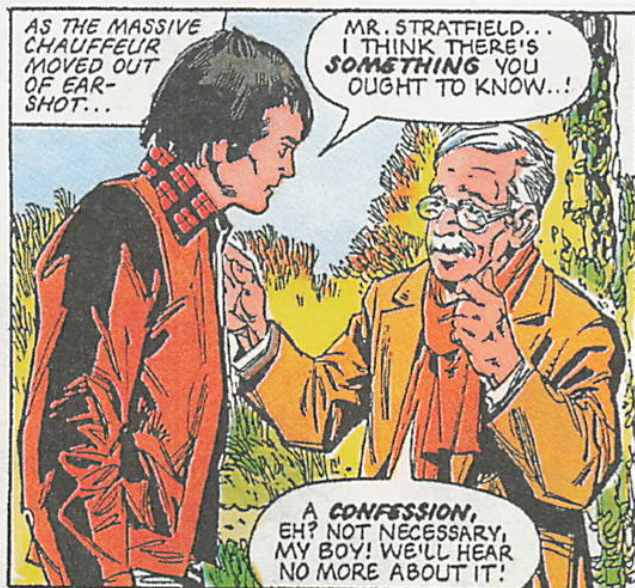
UUUHHH...?

...A SUDDEN, HATE-FILLED HAMMERBLOW OF
PSYCHIC ENERGY HAD INVADDED WOLFIE'S BRAIN!



SEEMED TO COME FROM THE CHAUFFEUR... **BENSON!** FOR SOME REASON, HE WANTS ME OUT OF HERE! BUT... **WHY?**

WHATEVER HE'S UP TO, I'VE A HUNCH IT **AIN'T** GOING TO DO OLD CORNELIUS ANY GOOD, EITHER!



AS THE MASSIVE CHAUFFEUR MOVED OUT OF EAR-SHOT...

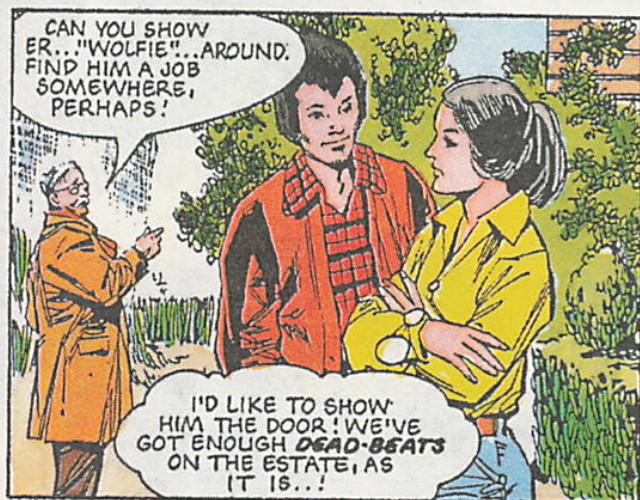
MR. STRATFIELD... I THINK THERE'S **SOMETHING** YOU OUGHT TO KNOW...!

A **CONFESSION**, EH? NOT NECESSARY, MY BOY! WE'LL HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!



BUT THERE IS... **AHH... SOMEONE** I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET—**CHRISTINE KEMBLE**, THE MANAGER OF MY ESTATE!

MMM! SHE'S **NICE...**



CAN YOU SHOW ER... "WOLFIE"... AROUND. FIND HIM A JOB SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS!

I'D LIKE TO SHOW HIM THE DOOR! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH **DEAD-BEATS** ON THE ESTATE, AS IT IS...!



NICE OLD BLOKE, ISN'T HE, MISS KEMBLE? OR MAY I CALL YOU '**CHRIS**'?

YOU CAN CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE... BUT DON'T EXPECT ANY FANCY WAGES, BECAUSE WE **CAN'T** AFFORD THEM!



THIS PLACE IS SO FULL OF PEOPLE WHO CAME TO MR. STRATFIELD WITH "HARD-LUCK" STORIES THAT THE ESTATE IS ONLY JUST BREAKING EVEN!

WELL, THAT'S HOW IT **OUGHT** TO BE WITH MILLIONAIRES! SPREADING THEIR MONEY AROUND, LIKE...!

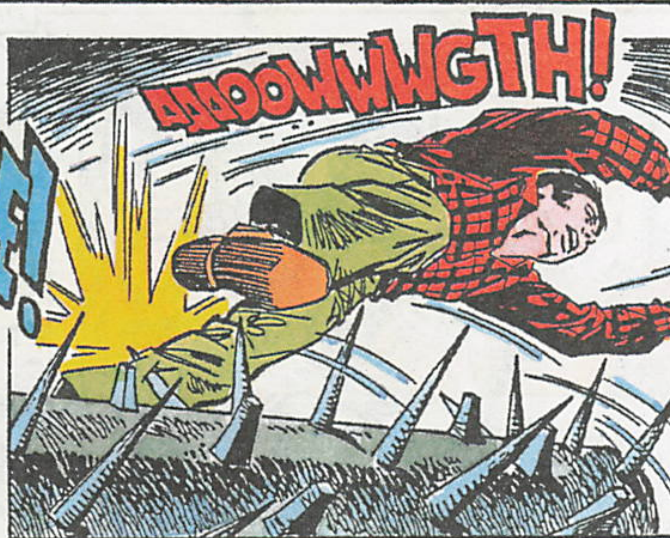
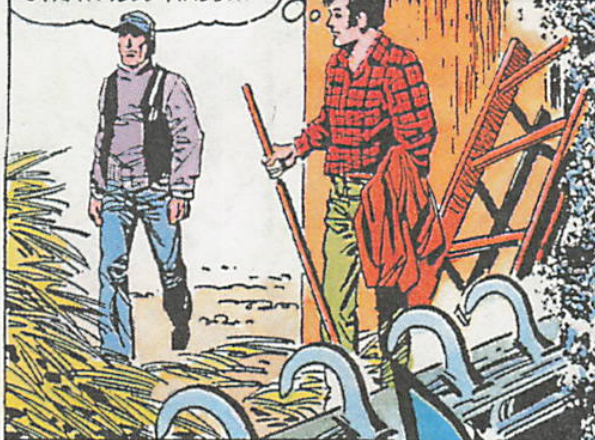


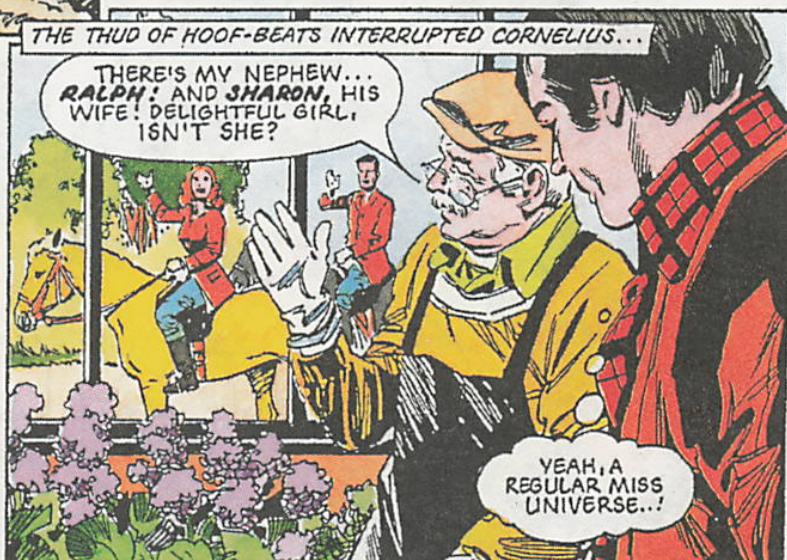
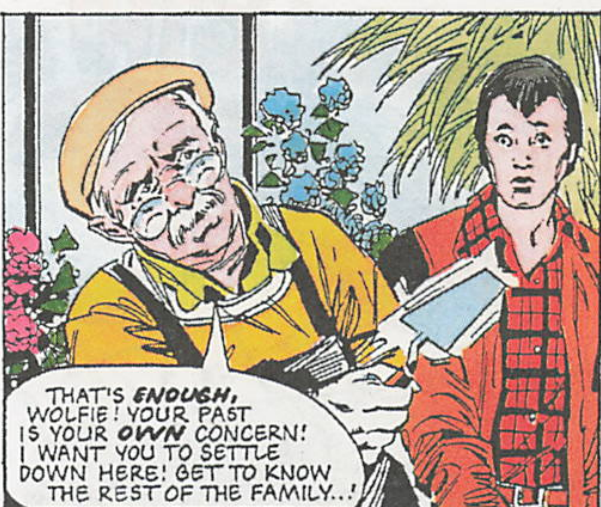
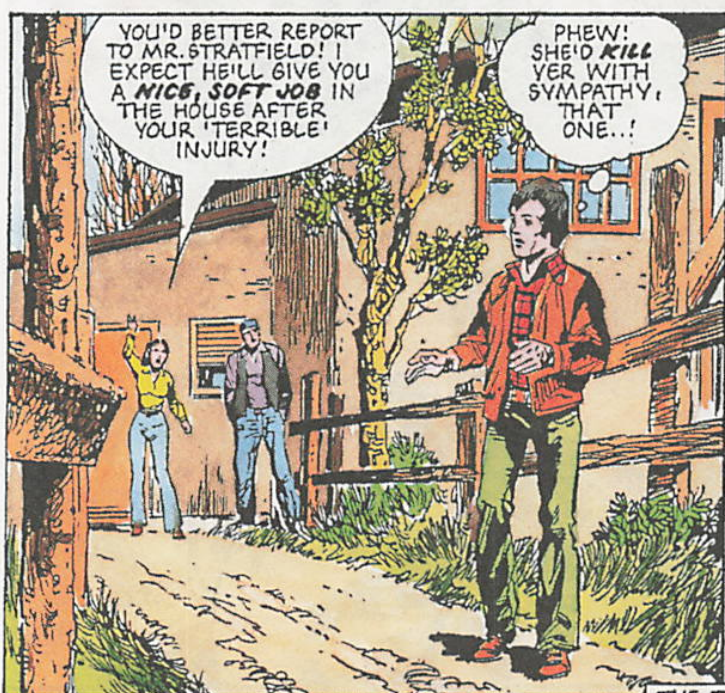
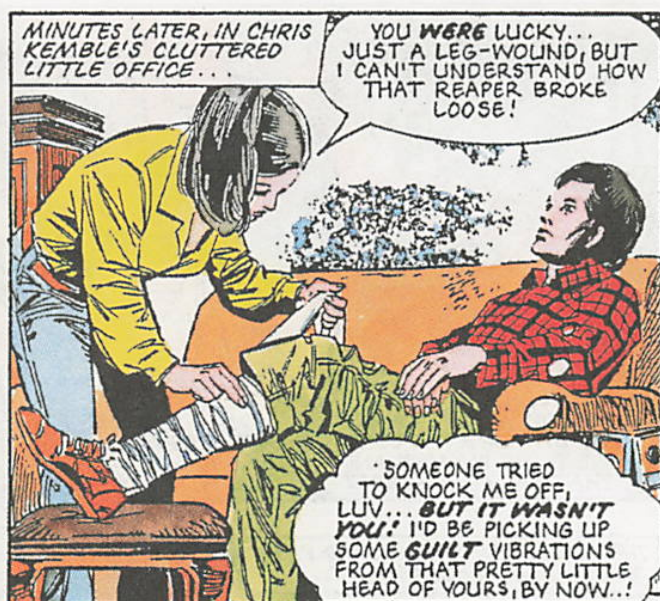
THE HUGE BARN WAS PACKED WITH AGRICULTURAL EQUIPMENT...

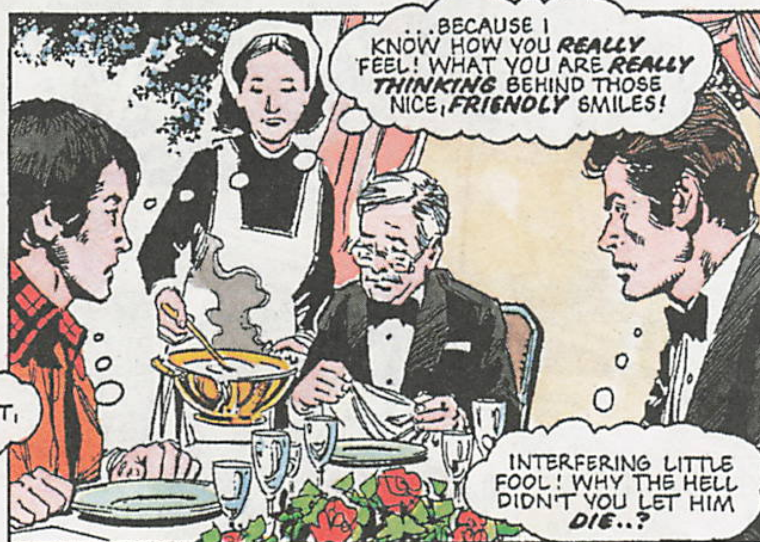
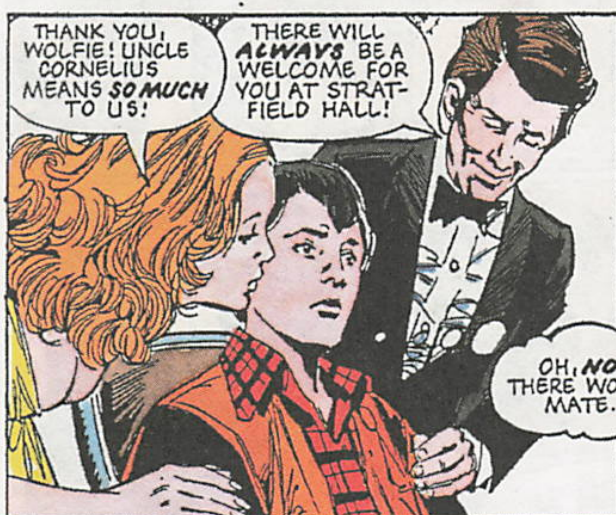
THOSE OTHER TWO GOONS ARE ABOUT AS **FRIENDLY** AS HER LADYSHIP! I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE FEELING THAT I AIN'T WANTED AT STRATFIELD HALL...

THEN, AS THE VERY ATMOSPHERE OF THE BARN SUDDENLY BECAME CHARGED WITH **'EVIL'...**

AN EVIL THAT WOLFIE SMITH SENSED LIKE A CHOKING CLOUD OF GAS!

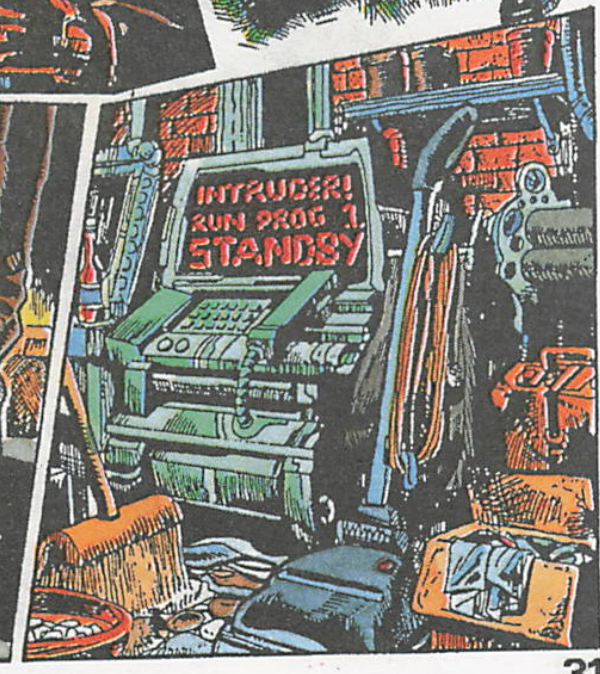
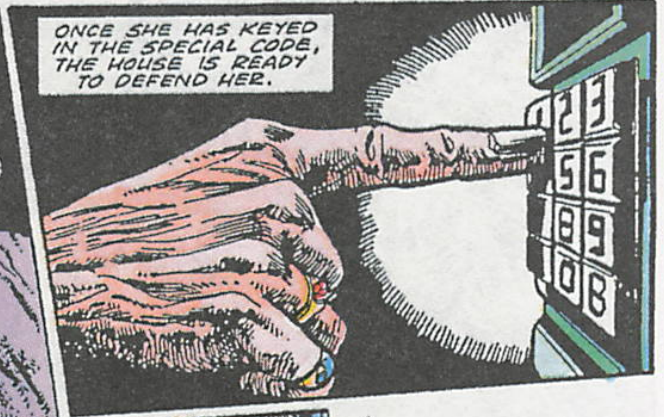
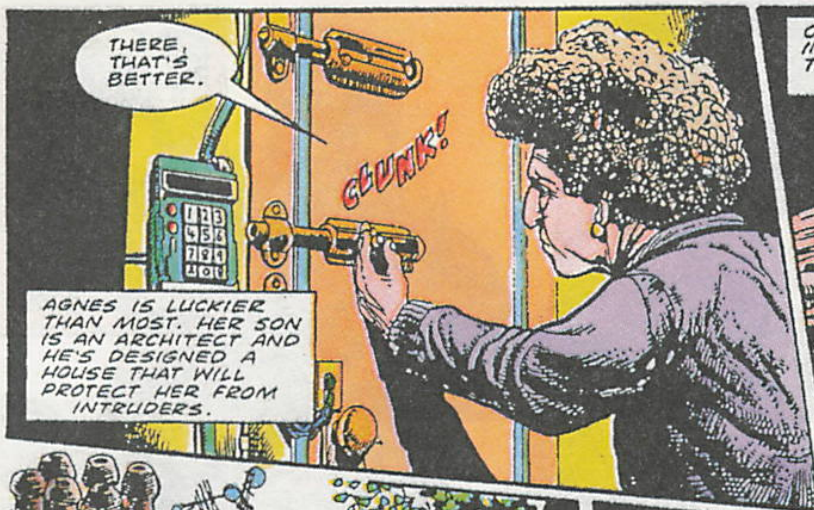


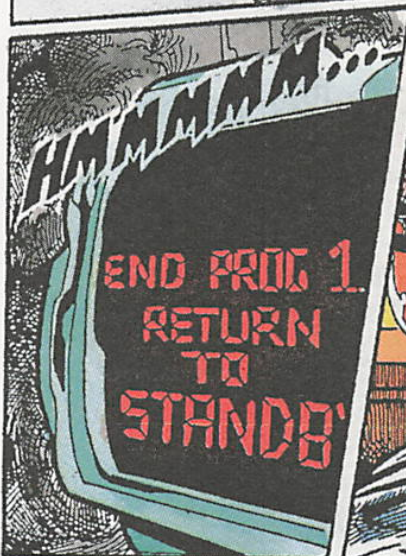
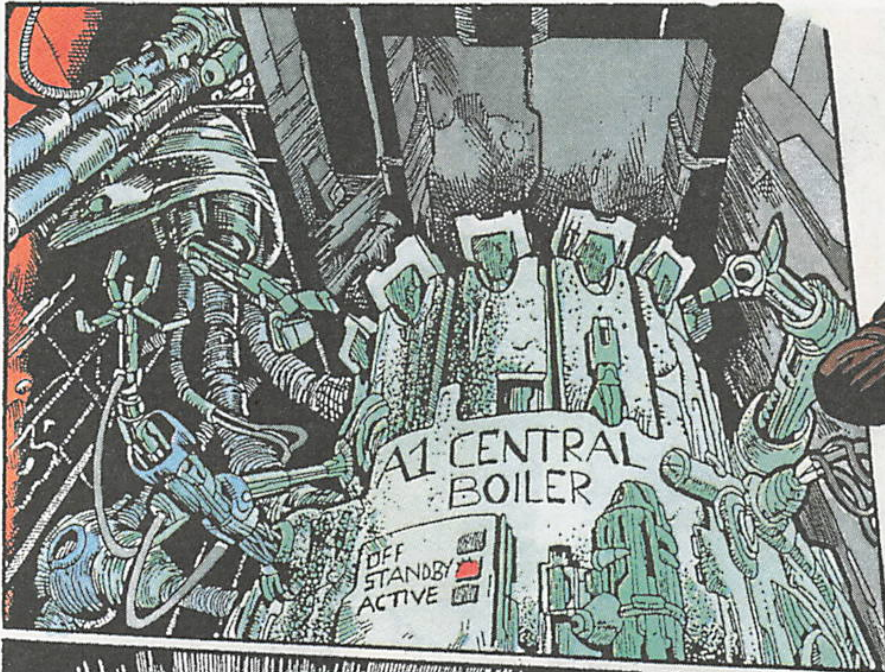




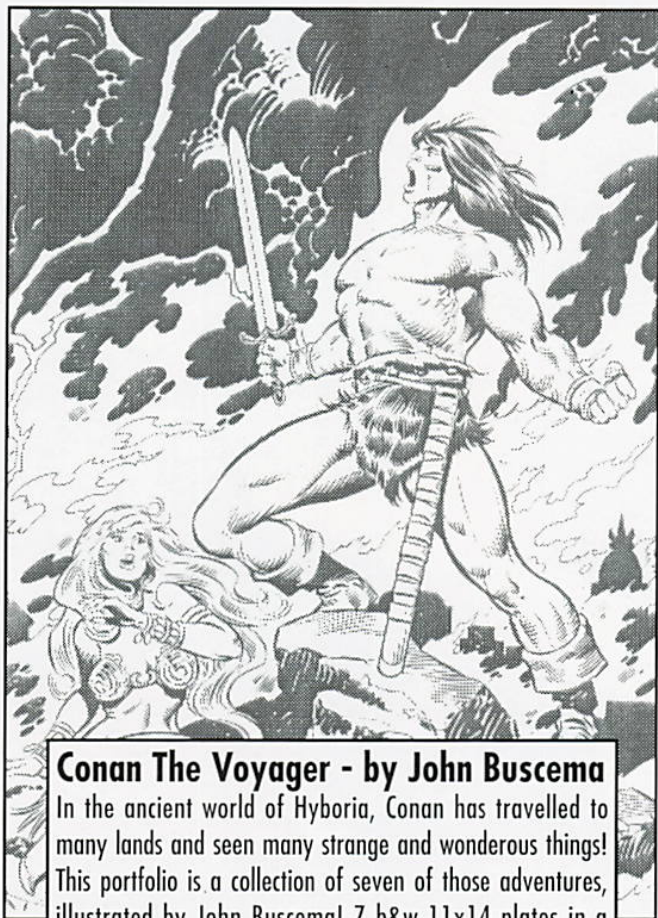
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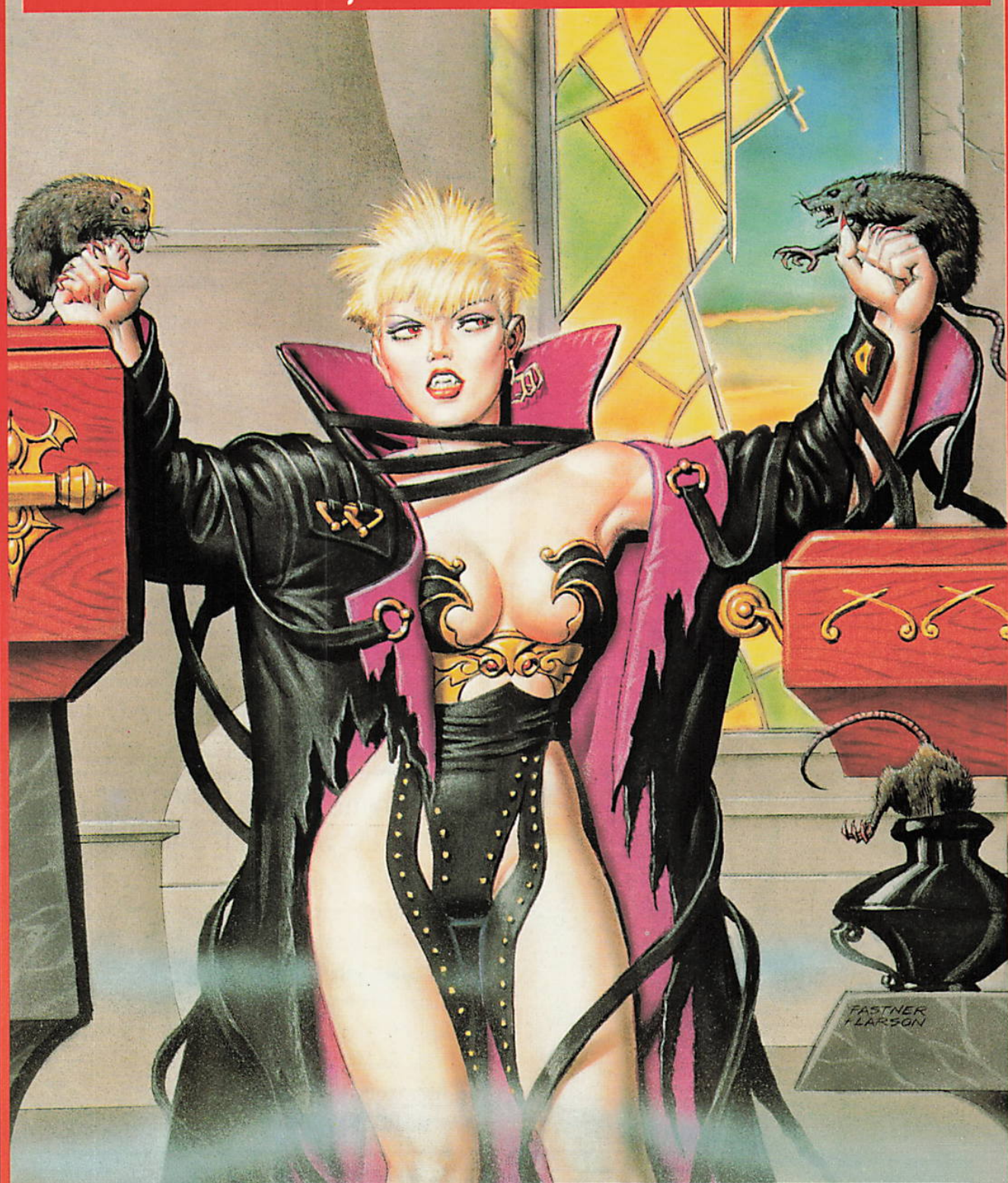
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